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## AUSTRIA.

IT is a curious and instructive circumstance that the only two States in Europe which are divided by avowed feelings of hostility should at the same moment publicly confess their financial embarrassment. It is also a remarkable illustration of the circumstances of the time that an Austrian Emperor should, in a formal address to the representatives of his people, talk like a stockbroker about the unfavourable condition of the money-market. The House of Hapsburg is but new to the study of finance, and it would perhaps be ill-natured to object that Governments which pay their way are independent of the rate of interest. There is, however, an intimate connexion between constitutional government and national solvency; and when the Emperor of Austria asks the Council of the Empire to consider his Budget, he has abdicated his claims to absolute power more definitely than by the grant of a dozen Constitutions. The members of the Council, and the Austrians in general, must be extraordinarily sanguine if they believe that the simultaneous discussion of the Budgets of 1865 and 1866 will establish a satisfactory condition of finance. They must be contented, for the present, with the opportunity of annually or biennially reviewing the financial administration of the Ministry. The members of the Legislature are themselves in no small degree responsible for the embarrassments of the Imperial Treasury. If the manufacturers who form a numerous and powerful section of the Assembly would consent to a reasonable tariff, the public revenue might be immediately and largely increased without troubling the money-market. But the middle class, for the present, insists on protection, and the nobility wishes that everything should remain as it is. The vague language of the Emperor's Speech seems to imply a disposition on the part of the Ministry to lower the exorbitant tariff, or perhaps even to enter the German Customs Union. The Minister of State can scarcely fail to understand the absurdity of refusing an increase of revenue which would imply a great previous addition to the material prosperity of the people; but Austria has yet to discover a statesman who is not only sagacious enough to comprehend a plain truth, but also sufficiently courageous to act on his convictions. The Emperor is forced to use vague language, because it is still uncertain whether Austria is sufficiently enlightened to understand and apply the doctrines of political economy. Prussia, together with all the other principal German States, is definitively committed, by the French Treaty, to a moderate scale of duties; and the maintenance of a separate line of Custom-houses on the Austrian frontier would alone be sufficient to thwart all projects for increasing or restoring the Imperial influence in the Confederation. On the Danube, and on the shores of the Adriatic, a high tariff produces only the economical inconvenience of limiting at the same time the prosperity of the people and the revenue of the Government.

It was necessary for the Emperor to say something of the Danish war, though it has probably less interest for the Austrians than for the inhabitants of any other part of Germany. The passion for nationality is comparatively weak in an Empire which includes five or six separate Kingdoms, and more than the same number of languages; but the German members of the Council may have heard, with a certain amount of complacency, the Emperor's formal congratulations on a conquest which has undoubtedly gratified the national feeling. In the early part of the Danish campaign, a warmer feeling of satisfaction was caused by the military efficiency of an army which had never appeared in the field since the disastrous days of Magenta and Solferino. Although the contest was entirely unequal, the Austrian contingent served with credit, and its commanders skilfully or luckily escaped the odium which attached to their Prussian colleagues. If the Court, and the officers who surround it, were contented

with the exploits of the army, politicians of all parties have undoubtedly regretted and resented the visible preponderance of Prussia in the conduct of the war, and in the subsequent negotiations. It is not forgotten that the treaties which have been forcibly torn up were dictated by Prince Schwarzenberg at a time when Vienna was strong enough to impose her law upon Berlin. The fall of Count Rechberg expresses the profound dissatisfaction which, if he had remained in office, would have found utterance in the Council of the Empire. His successor has not an easy task, in the presence of Italian hostility, of French alienation, and of alternate menace and patronage on the part of Russia. The traditional friendship between England and Austria has been rudely tried by the display, on one side, of Italian sympathies, and, on the other, by the adhesion of the Imperial Government to the overbearing language and policy of Prussia. In Austria, however, as in other countries, influence abroad depends mainly on actual strength, and on the unity which is one of the first conditions of power. If the Emperor could have held out a prospect of internal harmony, he might have regarded with indifference the cold or hostile attitude of neighbouring States. Unfortunately, the very Assembly which he addressed was itself conscious that it was but a fictitious or fragmentary substitute for a Parliament which should really represent the Empire. The Speech from the Throne contained more than one reference to the appearance in the Council of a deputation from Transylvania. It is not stated whether the Galician members left their country under martial law, to attend the meeting at Vienna; and the Hungarians were the more present to the minds of spectators because they were not in sight, and not likely to appear.

Statesmen and Governments are sometimes justified in assuming the existence of the unity which they hope gradually to realize. At one period of the French Revolution, two-thirds of the Departments were in avowed hostility to the Convention; yet the reigning Committees at Paris recognised only the one and indivisible Republic, which soon afterwards suppressed or absorbed all local opposition. A similar adherence to theory, in disregard of actual fact, reappears in almost every instance of a great domestic struggle. In the English Civil War, both parties fought for some years in the name of the same King; and the American Colonies were, according to English doctrine, integral portions of the Empire long after they had established their practical independence. The same communities are now furnishing a still more striking illustration of the same political instinct. As long as it is thought possible that the Union can be restored, the Northern Americans will refuse to admit that it has been interrupted. The Roman Court itself, in premature anticipation of the conversion of England, publicly declared, thirteen years ago, that the most flourishing Kingdom had already earned its readmission within the pale of the Church. The Austrian Constitution is only possible on the assumption that Hungary forms an integral and organic part of the Empire, and the Council has hitherto been annually convoked in a confessedly incomplete state, because some provisional arrangement was necessary until the removal of supposed difficulties should enable the representatives of Hungary to take their proper place in the Assembly. Although the Emperor still expresses a conventional hope that the repugnance of his Hungarian subjects may be overcome, it is well known that all negotiations for the purpose have proved altogether abortive. The Kingdom has lately been governed neither in accordance with its ancient franchises, nor according to the rules of that Federal Constitution which it steadily refuses to recognise. There is no reason to suppose that the Austrian Ministry is prepared to try any new method of conciliation, and probably a compromise of incompatible claims is intrinsically impossible.

Many English politicians who, in pursuance of an old tradition, wish well to Austria, fail to understand the force of the

Hungarian objection to the Austrian Constitution. Hungary is not a mushroom commonwealth in search of a representative system, but an ancient Kingdom already possessing securities for freedom which exist in no other part of the Continent of Europe. In consequence, perhaps, of its remoteness from the centres of civilization, Hungary has retained the mediæval liberties which were elsewhere destroyed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It has a real aristocracy, with local duties and powers, as well as with a share in the Government, and all officers of the Crown are personally responsible for usurpation under colour of the prerogative. The surrender of invaluable hereditary rights in exchange for a new-fangled Vienna Constitution would be one of those improvident bargains which have for two or three thousand years been compared to the dealings of SARFEDON with GLAUCUS. Even if the Hungarians were mistaken, they have an undoubted right to act on their own opinion. There are, in this case, no interminable controversies on the relation of States to a Federal power, because the Austrian Union is posterior by several centuries to the Hungarian Constitution, and it is not pretended that the Kingdom has ever assented to amalgamation with the Empire. According to the letter of the law, the King of HUNGARY is not even rightful Sovereign until he is crowned, and an oath to maintain the rights of his subjects is an indispensable condition of his coronation. Modern reforms have not unfrequently been found equally incompatible with the internal relations of heterogeneous States. The absolute ruler of Austria contrived to be constitutional King of HUNGARY, and the absolute King of DENMARK was undisputed Duke of SCHLESWIG and HOLSTEIN; but the Hungarians reject the authority of a German and Slavonic Parliament, as the Germans of the Duchies revolted against the Danish Assembly. The Emperor of AUSTRIA will probably find, when perhaps it may be too late, that he must be satisfied with a dynastic union of his dominions, and that he must allow Hungary a voice in the determination of the common policy. For the present, his Council is but a large provincial Assembly.

#### LORD RUSSELL AT ABERDEEN.

THE political character which has been recently assumed by the Rectorship of the Scottish Universities is a very curious phenomenon. That office is an honour which, at first sight, scarcely seems an adequate object of a statesman's ambition. The electors are mere boys, who cannot possess any single qualification that can make their judgment upon public questions worth more than that of any average collection of boys in any part of the country. It certainly appears singular that a statesman should go to judges of this kind to obtain a recognition of his political merits. He might as well apply to the Belgravian young ladies, or the Greenwich pensioners, or any other body equally discerning and well informed, for a certificate of political distinction. Yet statesmen of great eminence have been in the habit for many years past of accepting this anomalous honour, and paying for it by an elaborate harangue upon everything in general, and the human race in particular. The training of a politician directs his energies to the one main object of obtaining applause, and, by the time he has reached to eminence, he becomes as greedy of it as a public singer. So imperious a craving makes a constant supply necessary, and the cheers of Scotch schoolboys will do to satisfy it if nothing better is to be had. But we think English boys have a grievance in the matter. It is hard that they should not also have the opportunity of giving their valuable opinions upon the performances of English statesmen. And the Ministers themselves would find their account in such an extension of the schoolboy franchise, for it must be admitted that the supply of glorifying schools bears no proportion to the numbers of the Cabinet to be glorified. There are only the Universities of Glasgow and Aberdeen that elect Rectors, and what are they among so many?

Perhaps, however, of all statesmen, Lord RUSSELL is the one best fitted by nature for an honour of this kind. Born in a happier mediocrity of station, he would have made an admirable schoolmaster. That serene confidence in his own infallibility which is the prominent characteristic of Lord RUSSELL's mind seems specially given to him to strike awe into little boys. The bent of nature is shown as distinctly in his tastes as in his powers. Like all men gifted with a special genius, he displays it in the most various ways. It betrays itself in every department of action. He may be decorated with different titles, and invested with all kinds of offices, but through it all he still remains nothing but the

schoolmaster. Every seat that he may fill turns insensibly into a lecturer's chair. Every instrument of power with which he may be entrusted becomes a pedagogue's ferule in his hands. He has no martial tastes; he does not care much for the real power conferred by material superiority; but he loves dearly to improve the occasion to the ignorant and inexperienced nations around him. If they are humble and docile, he lectures them on *Magna Charta*, the Revolution of 1688, and the various remarkable points of his own career. If they are pert or presumptuous, he administers discipline with unbending rigour. People complain that his despatches are insolent and arrogant; and, if the Powers to whom he addresses them are to be looked upon as his equals, they are undoubtedly open to that criticism. But the situation should be looked at in the light in which it would appear to a born schoolmaster accidentally elevated to the Foreign Office. He must be contemplated as he sits at his schoolmaster's desk, with the nations of Europe gathered as pupils around him. His despatches will then be seen to be admirably adapted to the relative position of him who writes and those to whom they are written. What is called their noisy bluster is nothing more than the "swish" of the Foreign Office birch-rod descending upon the persons of his more incorrigible *alumni*. That kind of self-congratulatory chuckle with which they generally conclude, and which has been thought to increase their offensiveness so materially, is nothing more than the complacent glow which overspreads the countenance of a head-master when he has delivered a well-directed and searching stroke. The same consideration must be extended to the addresses which he makes in public. As oracles of political wisdom, they are not perhaps very great; but, as specimens of the grandiloquent and patronizing platitudes with which a schoolmaster opens the minds of his scholars, they may be pronounced perfect in their way.

The address to the beardless electors of Aberdeen University was in strict keeping with the new Lord Rector's character. From a political or an historical point of view, it is difficult to comment gravely on the proposition that the decline and fall of Rome was owing to the Italians not having adopted a representative Government after the second Punic war. The whole thing is only intelligible as the production of a speculative schoolmaster possessed of a slender smattering of politics. This discourse upon representative Government betrays throughout a strange narrowness of mind in one who has passed through so many political vicissitudes, and has seen the rise and fall of so many political illusions. The virtues of that form of government to us, in the present phase of the world's history, are palpable and need no proving. But it is a very hasty induction to infer that in all ages and among all races it must needs be a panacea for all national evils, and a sure preservative against decay. The Roman Empire fell, not because it had no representative institutions, but because it had no institutions at all. From the days of AUGUSTUS to those of AUGUSTULUS, it was practically in a condition of remittent revolution. There was no law of succession to the despotic throne sufficiently well recognised to be proof against the slightest violence. The greater part of the Emperors attained to power by no other title than that of good luck. Such a state of things was in itself sufficient to dissolve every kind of tie by which a political organization is held together. Loyalty to the creatures of mere chance, fidelity to those who reigned by virtue of their own unfaithfulness, were not virtues likely to be widely prevalent. The Empire, by its own structure or want of structure, inevitably tended to the disintegration and civil dissension by which it perished. The point for Lord RUSSELL to prove is that a representative Constitution adopted after the Punic War would have averted the catastrophe of this amorphous Empire. He does not enter into details as to the kind of representative Government he would have set up. He omits to give any hint upon such delicate questions as franchise, electoral districts, and so forth. He passes by the still more material point concerning the nature and mode of appointment of the executive Government through which the institutions would have had to work, and he is silent as to the mode in which the claims of Patrician and Plebeian, or master and slave, ought to have been adjusted. But, whatever the exact form of constitution might have been, it is at least certain that, upon many matters bitterly controverted, there must have been a defeated minority. The question is, whether that minority, when beaten, would have preferred to go on voting, or to take the chance of fighting. As we have recently seen, that momentous question, when it arises, is the testing strain of representative institutions; and the general tendency of the history of the



world, so far as the question has been illustrated at all, is not in favour of the peaceful solution of it. To work representative institutions of the British type requires the British spirit of moderation and aptitude for compromise; and that certainly was not the most conspicuous characteristic of the later days of the Roman Republic.

Lord RUSSELL's other arguments drawn from history in favour of the universal applicability of representative institutions are obviously inconclusive. France had representative institutions in the middle ages; but they were suppressed by CHARLES VIII. After three centuries of average prosperity, and more than average growth, France fell into confusion; and Lord RUSSELL points the moral by exclaiming, See what becomes of States which suppress their representative institutions. It does not seem to occur to him that the policy of CHARLES VIII. has as much right to be credited with the three centuries of prosperity as to be debited with the subsequent sixty years of occasional confusion; and that, for the present, the balance-sheet is decidedly in its favour. Other examples are cited. Spain is taken as an instance in which representative institutions were abolished by CHARLES V., and the punishment for that act fell upon his remote successors, in the shape of the national decay of Spain in the last century. The example would have been more effective if it had been literally accurate. As a matter of fact, representative institutions in Spain were not destroyed, but subsisted still in the eighteenth century. It is true that the representatives who were sent to the Cortes were of no sort of use, and rather obstructed improvement than promoted it. But that can hardly be said to have been the fault of CHARLES V. The obvious causes of the decline of Spain were the excessive religious intolerance that prevailed there, and the remarkable imbecility of a long succession of sovereigns. There is no reason to believe that any kind of representative institutions would have tended much to redress either of these evils. Popular assemblies are occasionally bigoted, and constitutional monarchs are not necessarily geniuses. There is another moral to be drawn from Lord RUSSELL's obituary of representative assemblies very different from that which he has drawn. To be of any use, these bodies must be capable of existence. The mortality among them, to judge by the examples he has cited, tends to prove that, in some countries at least, they are afflicted with delicate health; and in such countries their value becomes somewhat questionable. The utility of a panacea for all political evils is seriously diminished by the consideration that, as soon as its action begins to be felt, it is likely to be thrown contemptuously aside.

Great as the value of a representative system is to us, it is a mistake to regard it as a convertible term for the British Constitution. It is intelligible that Lord RUSSELL, fancying himself to be the author of the Act of 1832, should lose sight of everything else in the contemplation of his own imagined work. But such an error deprives us of the power of boasting of the antiquity of our institutions. The British Constitution is many centuries old, and the experience of the past justifies the hope of its long endurance. But a system of representation, in any sense complete, even of the educated minority, is a modern experiment. We have every ground to hope and believe the best of its probable results; but it is premature to discount congratulations which will only be in place a couple of centuries hence.

#### ITALIAN FINANCE.

THE state of the Italian finances is extremely discouraging.

The Parliament will probably exhibit its usual good sense by abstaining from useless censure on the outgoing Minister of Finance. His successor, having only the mistakes or bad fortune of others to confess, has naturally been more candidly communicative. The details of Signor SELLA's statement may be summed up in an acknowledgement of vast deficiencies in past and future resources, in a rapidly increasing debt, and in an apparent impossibility of providing a revenue equal to the expenditure. Signor MINGHETTI had, two years ago, assured the Deputies that a large loan of nearly 50,000,000*l.* would enable him to establish an equilibrium by the end of 1866; but he is now compelled to admit an annual deficiency of about 12,000,000*l.*, and an inability to meet, from revenue or from borrowed money, immediate demands to the amount of 8,000,000*l.* The project of providing for his present wants by a sale of railroads and other national property was equivalent to an additional loan, contracted in the most disadvantageous form. Even if purchasers could have been found, they would have taken advantage of the necessities

of the Government, and the public credit could not but have been injuriously affected by the transaction. It appears to have been impossible to complete any bargain in time, and, accordingly, Signor SELLA has determined to rely on additional taxes and on the violent measure of an anticipation of next year's land-tax. It is doubtful whether the Chamber will pass the requisite bills, and an increase of the duties on salt and other necessities of life cannot fail to produce serious discontent. The new Ministers seemed to have a fair prospect of accomplishing the invidious task of transferring the seat of government from Turin to Florence; and it is unfortunate that their difficulties should be complicated by financial embarrassments, and by the necessity of imposing new burdens on the country. Their patriotism is proved by their acceptance of the French convention, and of all the responsibility which it imposes; and their financial plans are obviously honest and straightforward, though it is by no means certain that they will be successful. Public expenditure must ultimately be covered by taxes, unless debts are incurred and afterwards repudiated. It is perhaps cheapest to pay at once, but nations are seldom inclined to a sudden increase of taxation.

Having enemies in plenty, Italy will not want for reproach, advice, and condolence. The Papal faction, and the reactionary party throughout the world, will find, in the financial difficulties of the new kingdom, a partial accomplishment of many unfriendly prophecies. As engineers who had denounced the plan of the *Great Eastern* as impracticable consoled themselves for the mechanical success of the experiment with the knowledge that the shareholders were ruined, the opponents of Italian unity, while they are forced to admit its existence, will rejoice to find that it has not hitherto been made to pay. It would be easy to silence critics from almost every State in Europe with an appropriate repartee. The national debt of France increases rapidly; Spain is excluded from every money-market by insolvency or repudiation; the finances of Austria are only sustained by constant loans and periodical bankruptcies; and the Roman Court avows that the contributions of the faithful are inadequate to the maintenance of a respectable army. There is, however, little satisfaction in an apology which has nothing to do with the merits of the defence; and, if the controversy were prosecuted, the various Governments might distinguish their respective cases from the present embarrassments of Italy. The Spaniards might expatiate on the wealth which would enable them to pay their debts if they thought fit to be honest, and Austrian statesmen might argue that their chronic poverty would be instantly relieved by the adoption of a rational system of Customs' duties. The increase of French liabilities is exceeded by the growth of the country in wealth and power, and the Holy See can scarcely be taunted with its poverty by the incoming sovereign of the Marches and Legations. A comparatively slight indication of instability is alarming when it occurs in a newly constructed fabric. The Kingdom of Italy has been reunited only for four years, after a disruption which may be dated either from the destruction of the Lombard power, or from the fall of the Hohenstaufen family six centuries ago. It might have been supposed that the amalgamation of half a dozen petty kingdoms and principalities would be economically advantageous as well as politically expedient, and the causes which have led to the disappointment of a reasonable expectation are probably exceptional and temporary; but any legitimate pretext for popular dissatisfaction may become dangerous if it is not removed. It is especially unlucky that a financial crisis should occur at the moment when the Government is about to undertake the costly process of removing the capital from Turin to Florence. The Piedmontese, who have contributed to the public wants more largely and more willingly than any of their neighbours, will find themselves deprived of an important source of profit, while their feelings are not unnaturally irritated.

The excess of expenditure over revenue arises from the maintenance of an army of more than 300,000 men. The cost of the civil administration can scarcely have been increased by the union of the Italian provinces, and Lombardy and Tuscany have been relieved from the cost of supporting large Austrian contingents. The armies of Piedmont and Naples collectively exceeded 150,000 men, and a few native regiments were raised in the Tuscan and Emilian duchies. The new kingdom has perhaps added a third to the numbers of the army, and it has adopted a standard of efficiency which probably involves an increased outlay. Even according to modern European practice, the military establishment of Italy must be thought extravagant. France, with a population more than one-half larger, maintains, in time of peace, only one-third more troops, although a reserve of 200,000

men is ready to join the army on six weeks' notice. Spain, with two-thirds of the Italian population, is content with half the number of men; and Prussia, which is nearly equal to Italy in resources, has a smaller standing army. The reasons for assuming, even ostentatiously, the rank of a great military Power are obvious and forcible, for the King of ITALY is still unrecognised by Austria, and he has no prospect of reconciliation with Rome. It is, indeed, inconceivable that his army should be employed in resisting French aggression; but it is indispensable to prove that, on occasion, he might be independent of French support. If it were absolutely necessary to continue for some time the existing scale of expenditure, the consequent burdens ought not to be intolerable to a country like Italy. The Northern Americans, who are less numerous than the subjects of VICTOR EMMANUEL, have, in the last four years, spent four times as much, and they still boast that they are enjoying uninterrupted prosperity; yet it is the interest of every State to husband its resources, and as there is no immediate prospect of a successful attack on Venetia, a smaller army would probably be found sufficient for domestic purposes. The advantage of diffusing national feeling by bringing large portions of the able-bodied population under drill and discipline might be attained by a judicious imitation of the inexpensive Prussian system. A smaller standing army, recruited for a short term of service, would admit of rapid and effective increase from a trained reserve.

In framing his prospective Budget, the Italian MINISTER OF FINANCE will probably find a reduction of expenditure more practicable than an increase of taxation. In revolutionary times, popular loyalty has a tendency to vary inversely with the amount of public burdens. Disaffected priests will find a peasantry which listens coldly to charges of sacrilege and spoliation more open to the argument that the cheapest dynasty is also the best. The dignity of freedom is worth all that it may cost, but a certain amount of cultivation and intelligence is essential to the appreciation of its value. If peace is preserved both at home and abroad, the natural increase of public wealth will gradually swell the revenue without any change in the rate of taxation. Trade has already revived in the Northern towns since the establishment of the Kingdom, and Naples and Sicily are gradually discovering that a heavy pressure has been removed. The inhabitant of Southern Italy, who was formerly prevented from leaving his native village, now requires neither passport nor official permission to visit the cities in which he will find markets for his produce. Some years may probably elapse before it will be practicable to increase the revenue, after the English manner, by lightening the springs of taxation, and the safer experiment of keeping the expenditure within the income naturally comes first in order. It seems, to foreign observers, peculiarly inexpedient to provide for the existing deficiency by additional or anticipated taxes. Although money is now unusually dear, the credit of Italy would be sufficient to procure, on not intolerable terms, a loan of seven or eight millions, and the generation which has brought a great country into existence has an exceptional right to impose a share of the consequent burden on posterity. As a general rule, it is allowable to enlarge the capital account for any permanent addition to the stock of the undertaking. A forced loan contracted in the form of a tax demanded in advance has the advantage of bearing no interest; but the sacrifice imposed on individuals is partial and vexatious, and in some instances the taxpayer would be compelled to borrow on his own security, when the Treasury could supply its own wants at an easier rate. Despondent Italians may find both encouragement and example in the recent financial history of a country which had, like Italy, been compelled to make extraordinary exertions. Six or seven years ago, India laboured under habitual deficiency of revenue, caused principally by a large military expenditure. The exercise of prudent economy has now enabled the Government to provide, from an annual surplus, for a large outlay on public works, and for a partial repeal of taxes temporarily imposed.

#### AUSTRALIA.

THE Australian Colonies are precociously eager to provide themselves with opportunities of political education. The mere squabbles for office which form the principal and natural occupation of parties in infant democracies are diversified, and rendered more respectable, by the serious material interest which attaches to conflicting measures for the disposal of waste lands. New South Wales has lately discovered

that a Land Act passed two or three years ago is altogether impracticable and unjust, and a new measure for enabling settlers to buy moderate allotments by deferred payments is at present the principal matter at issue in an impending election. It happens that the disputes about land really involve difficult questions of political and economical expediency, especially as they affect the aristocratic element of a large landed proprietary, which is already designated by the ingenious colonial title of a squattocracy. As some of the Colonies have already managed to limit the constituent bodies, it is not impossible that they may ultimately acquire a healthy organization, and sustain it by habitual familiarity with serious business. Already the Parliaments of New South Wales and Victoria are on a level with the State Legislatures of North America in intelligence, and in habits of jobbing they have probably not yet rivalled their models. It unluckily happens that in both countries a low franchise has produced a low class of representatives, and the more educated classes excusably shrink from political intercourse with rude and unscrupulous adventurers.

In former times, a colony was, by the nature of things, restricted to the consideration of its own domestic interests; and even when the power of regulating tariffs was conceded by the Imperial Parliament, the rates of duty were arranged for the real or supposed advantage of the local community, without reference to strangers. The Australian Colonies have now, for the first time, contrived to enliven the dulness of their home discussions by controversies which partake of the nature of foreign affairs. Quarrels with the Mother-country, generally conducted with all the pertness and petulance of inexperienced youth, were always frequent among the dependencies of the most tolerant and least susceptible of Imperial nations. When the colony of Victoria the other day threatened to punish England by excluding Western Australia from all commercial relations, the mutinous form of expressing dissatisfaction was conformable to numerous precedents. It happened, however, by an odd coincidence, that at the very moment when the colonists of Victoria threatened to form an intercolonial league for the forcible stoppage of transportation, the older settlement of New South Wales, from which Victoria was originally detached, had already commenced a quarrel with its upstart offspring, which seems likely to assume considerable proportions. Money is, as might be expected, the principal cause of the dispute, but the rupture is embittered by local jealousy; and, whatever may be its consequences in other respects, it will probably relieve the Home Government from the necessity of providing against a troublesome Australian combination. The grievance of a possible immigration of convicts from Western Australia would, even if it had not been removed, have been a remote, contingent, and insignificant grievance, while the conflicting claims of the Colonial Governments to duties on the imports into New South Wales concern the pockets, as well as the pride, of both the disputants.

When a Parliamentary Constitution was conceded to the several Australian Colonies, the power of levying Customs duties was necessarily included in the grant. If the English Ministers and Parliament ever thought of a possible dispute between neighbouring provinces, they probably desired to remove all responsibility from the Imperial Government; and it may have been reasonably assumed that distant communities would deal most conveniently with difficulties which concerned themselves. It would perhaps have been judicious to reserve a power of compulsory arbitration, and to provide a judicial tribunal for the settlement of legal disputes; yet it is not certain whether the conflict which has now arisen admits of being reduced to a definite issue on which a regular tribunal could decide. If the local Courts bring the matter within their own jurisdiction, an appeal to the Privy Council would secure an authoritative decision on the mere question of right. It will, however, probably be necessary to consider the interests of the contending parties, as well as their technical position; and in the meantime there is both scandal and absurdity in the possibility of an armed collision between two dependent States which both equally recognise the supreme authority of the Crown. In both colonies there are English troops, which might be required to suppress a disturbance; and it would be strangely paradoxical if one of the QUEEN'S regiments were ordered to clear the right bank of the Murray of Victoria intruders, while another, charged with the defence of Victoria, resisted the encroachments of New South Wales. Neither colony can lawfully use force for any purpose except in the name of the Crown, by the authority of the Governor. If it were possible to suppose that the representa-



tives of the Imperial Power could engage in the unseemly dispute, Mr. CARDWELL would receive, perhaps by the same post, official reports from two belligerent Governments. In the whole history of English colonies, now extending over three hundred years, there has not been a single instance of war between two different settlements. The constabulary force of Victoria and the Custom-house officers of New South Wales will scarcely take upon themselves to create a monstrous precedent.

The river Murray forms the boundary between the Colonies, unless, as the Government of New South Wales contends, both banks of the river were reserved to the older settlement. It is not clear whether the claim of Victoria extends to the mid waters of the river, but the Government of Melbourne asserts a right to share in the free navigation. Until the present quarrel commenced, there was probably no adverse assertion of conflicting rights, because there was no opposition of interests. The inhabitants of the neighbouring country, without regard to arbitrary political divisions, resorted to the market which suited them best, and, in consequence of the formation of a railroad which approached the district, Melbourne became the commercial metropolis of Southern New South Wales, as well as of Victoria itself. As the valley of the river became more populous, an overland traffic in goods was developed on both banks of the Murray; and consequently a part of the colony of New South Wales practically paid Customs' duties on imported articles at Melbourne, instead of at Sydney. As the loss of revenue became more and more considerable, the Government of New South Wales demanded various measures of relief, which appear in general to have been either impracticable or unjust. It was asked that Victoria should levy a duty on landward exports for the benefit of New South Wales, or that an account should be kept of the dutiable goods which passed the frontier. There were numerous objections to all the measures which were suggested, and, as Victoria gained everything which New South Wales lost, it could scarcely be expected that the Legislature would exercise extraordinary astuteness in depriving itself of a considerable advantage. Arguments were not wanting to justify an inevitable slackness. The people of Victoria said that the Imperial Government had made a blunder in determining the frontier, and that a district which resorted to Melbourne as its market ought also to have frequented it as a capital. It was absurd to force trade into an arbitrary channel, and Victoria was fairly entitled to the advantage which resulted from economical causes. The Government of New South Wales is aware that its own subjects on the left bank of the Murray are disposed to side with the opposite party, in preference to paying double duties or transferring their custom to Sydney. Nevertheless, Custom-houses have been lately erected on the frontier, and attempts have been made to levy duties on goods which had already passed the Custom-house at Melbourne. On the appearance of the Victoria constabulary, the New South Wales Custom-house officer expressed a wish to know whether he was to be forcibly interrupted in the prosecution of his duties, and the chief constable politely answered that he also protested against interruption in his assigned duty of protecting trade from interruption.

It will be impossible to persuade the settlers that the residents on either side of a line defined by a modern Act of Parliament are to regard one another reciprocally as foreigners. Whatever may be the rights of New South Wales, its subjects will not pay duties on their goods twice over for the purpose of asserting the independence of their own Government. The borderers have no feelings of traditional loyalty to confuse their distinct perception of their immediate interest. Both parties, if they are well advised, will at once refer the dispute to the Colonial Office, and it is fortunately easy to define the general principles of an equitable arbitration. The Custom-houses of Victoria and South Wales ought, like competing railway companies, to keep a common purse for their receipts, and to divide the proceeds in approximate proportion to their estimated consumption. According to the same analogy, the port which transacts the larger business would be entitled to a reasonable percentage, in addition to its ordinary share. The proportions and methods of calculation fall peculiarly within the province of a friendly mediator. A similar arrangement has existed for more than a quarter of a century in the German Customs Union, where perfect freedom of internal trade has never resulted in collision on any part of the numerous internal frontiers. If the local misunderstanding is removed by the intervention of the Imperial Government, it may possibly occur to the politicians of Victoria that there are some advantages in a connexion

with a high and impartial authority. The outrageous proposal for punishing England at the expense of Western Australia may easily be excused as an ebullition of hasty violence, but, if the Colonies wish to enjoy the continued favour and assistance of the Mother-country, they must not forget the restraints of ordinary respect and courtesy. Victoria will get rid of its dread of immigrant convicts with little delay, and it may be hoped that the Governors of both Colonies have already taken measures to render a little civil war as impossible as it would be ridiculous.

#### THE MONEY-MARKET.

THE reduction of the rate of discount at the Bank of England to 8 per cent., and the subsequent improvement in the money-market which must soon lead to further relaxation, may probably be regarded as marking the close of a very gloomy and anxious period in commercial affairs. There has, it is true, been no excessive diminution at any time in the stock of bullion which forms the ultimate monetary reserve of the country. It stands now at between thirteen and fourteen millions, and at the worst it was very little below 13,000,000*l*. Nor was there any difficulty in perceiving that the tendency to a foreign drain, which showed itself from time to time, was thoroughly amenable to control, and yielded at once to the stringent remedy of a 9 per cent. rate, which was imposed early in September. Many other causes of uneasiness, however, led to the depression from which, by very slow degrees, trade appears at last to be emerging. The hopeful news that was believed only a few weeks ago, of the growing predominance of the Peace party in America, brought no comfort to the large speculators in cotton, who saw the value of their purchases—while they were still to a great extent unpaid for—fall, almost without warning, as much as 25 per cent. The large speculation in this article alone was enough, under such circumstances, to fill Liverpool with alarm; and premonitory failures, both in that town and in London, gave warning that beneath the surface of commerce there was much to excite alarm and apprehension. The stoppage of the Leeds Bank, and the revelations which followed, came just at a time when a prevailing nervousness about monetary affairs needed no stimulus, and within a week of that time we were probably nearer to the verge of an orthodox panic than at any moment since 1857. The enormous extent to which new companies had drawn, or threatened to draw, upon the resources of the country now became a serious source of danger; and the collapse of some, and the depression of all the banking and financial companies which had been hatched in the sunshine of prosperity, was a just retribution for the excessive eagerness with which these new projects had been taken up. More immediate warnings were not wanting. Scarcely a day passed without recording mercantile failures to a considerable amount. Our whole commercial organization was trembling, and many firms which would have tided through times of less severity fell like rotten pears from a tree shaken by the wind. With some few exceptions, there is little to regret in this. But for the shock which has, it may be hoped, removed much of the unsoundness which had begun to prevail in trade, matters would, in all probability, have culminated before long in sweeping disaster. As it was, the temptation to a rush for discount, lest worse times should come (the inevitable precursor and cause of half our panics), was for a short time active enough to fill sober observers with alarm; and although actual panic never supervened, the symptoms came so near to it as to show that the quiet self-command which is the chief support of credit in difficult emergencies has not been so fully acquired as the experience of the last few years had led many to believe. That there is less of senseless fear in times of depression, and perhaps a little more of caution when all looks bright, than have been displayed in earlier periods of inflation and collapse, is all that can fairly be said of the spirit of modern commerce. Enough has been visible during the past two months to show that the mercantile community are very far from being panic-proof. Probably, if the failure of the Leeds Company had been followed by the stoppage of one or two more banking concerns, that which we can now look back upon as a past period of depression would have culminated into a disastrous commercial crisis. It may be that the influence which has been so universally felt will give a fresh start to trade, on a sounder basis than is implied by the easy manufacture of financial companies and the flood of cotton gambling which the American war has let loose. The

recent escape from worse evils than those which have really befallen us may have been in great part due to the fact that the ordinary cycle had not come round, and that trade had not had time fully to develop the elements of unsoundness which it seems to need a decennial commercial storm to sweep away. And at the same time, without indulging in what seems the vain expectation of abolishing panics and crises altogether, it is not unreasonable to hope that the hard times of this autumn may have the effect of postponing, if they cannot avert, the visitation of commercial trouble which would otherwise be due some time before the year 1870. But in commerce, above all things, it is idle to cast horoscopes. It must suffice to congratulate ourselves that the evil which seemed imminent has for the present been averted, and to hope that dear-bought experience will check future imprudence.

There is one subject for unmixed satisfaction, and that is the judicious and successful management of the Bank of England. The lesson which was so long resisted has been thoroughly learned at last, and none appreciate so keenly as the Bank Directors the wisdom of the rule which is imposed upon them of following, rather than attempting to overrule, the course of the market, and, in fact, of conducting their business in precisely the same way as if the Board which governs the banking department of the Bank of England were not also entrusted with the duty of superintending the issue of the paper money of the State. The legislation which entirely separated these two functions is now as fully acted on in the spirit in which the Bank is conducted, as if the more strictly logical plan of an entirely distinct Board of Issue had been from the first adopted. It has been suggested that the reluctance of the Bank to adopt a 7 per cent. rate is a sign that these sound principles are once more being forgotten; but it is much more likely that the Directors are acting on the ordinary maxims of bankers, and that their apparent excess of caution is attributable to facts affecting their position, which the weekly returns do not fully disclose.

Some speculations in a different sense have also been put forward, by an authority great in such matters, as to the propriety of providing a legal safety valve for times of disturbance, in lieu of the extra-legal privilege which Ministers assume of dispensing, on an emergency, with the requirements of Sir ROBERT PEELE'S Act. It is not very necessary to discuss proposals which are not likely to have any practical influence; and it is easy to find an answer to the complaint that Sir ROBERT PEELE'S Act does so much harm in one week of every ten years as to counterbalance its beneficial effects in all the intervening period. The harm in reality is done, not by the law, but by the tendency to panic which the commercial community seems unable at times to resist. When every increase in the rate of discount only attracts an additional demand, as a precaution against a possible further increase, the remedial power of a law founded on the assumption that an increase of price will check demand is practically gone. But there is no remedy for this, except in the prevalence of a less timorous spirit. Men do not rush for bread whenever the harvest is reported to be short, because they have confidence in the laws of political economy, and believe that supply will follow demand. When the same rational confidence prevails at all seasons in the Money-market (and some little progress has been made in this direction), we may still see trouble and failures, but there will be an end of panics. Until it does prevail, no legislation can mend the matter. A legalized power of arbitrary issue, to relieve the wants of commerce, would be as much behind the age as JOSEPH'S Egyptian granaries would be in England. We have scarcely yet, perhaps, reached that stage of economic enlightenment when it will be possible to carry out the provisions of the law without occasional relaxation; but to recognise what is a mere condescension to ignorance and panic as part of the legal monetary system would be to fall into the same error which may be seen in some ancient constitutions, which carefully provided for the cases in which insurrection was to be deemed lawful. Every intervention of the State by which the issue of uncovered paper-money is authorized is, in fact, a little commercial revolution; and as long as our merchants have not outgrown the necessity for such interpositions from above, it is better that they should be made expressly as extra-legal acts, requiring special indemnity, than that a regular authorization should increase their frequency by fostering the expectation of special support whenever a little stringency in the discount market might induce needy traders to clamour for indulgence. Had such a power as has been suggested been lodged in any Board or Commission, the last two months would not have passed over without its exercise;

and, instead of seeing almost an average supply of bullion in the vaults of Threadneedle Street, the Bank would long since have been depleted for the benefit of foreign markets.

The pressure which has been experienced here has been felt with almost equal severity in most of the Bourses of Europe. France is even now at a stage of depression from which the London market has, in some measure, revived, and the response which the action of the Bank of England met with shows how intimate are the relations, and how delicate the reactions, of the different centres of trade. America alone pursues a course of her own, and the market which used to follow, with almost ludicrous precision, every fluctuation in the English rates is now governed by the more immediate influence of military successes and reverses, and by the overpowering weight of new loans and fresh issues of inconvertible paper. That gold has risen of late in New York is due much more to internal derangements and strategic movements than to any sympathy with the course of European commerce. For the time, the Northern States of America are severed to a great extent from the great mercantile community of the world, as the Confederates are by force of the half-effective blockade. Their return into the commercial circle on their old footing will perhaps effect a disturbance as profound as the original interruption in the supply of cotton; and the revival of the now depressed industry of Manchester may be balanced by an eddy in the flow of capital which, if it came too suddenly, might once more derange the trade of Europe. There seems now less prospect than ever of any immediate movement in this direction, and before the peace so often predicted, and so often despaired of, shall come to America, a thousand unforeseen events may have paved the way for a change in commercial relations which, whatever its immediate effect, will ultimately benefit all countries by restoring some of the most energetic centres of trade to their old activity in the barter of the world.

#### AMERICA.

ALTHOUGH it is impossible to foresee the immediate effect of the Presidential election, there can be little doubt that, if re-elected, the security of a renewed tenure of office will produce a considerable change in Mr. LINCOLN'S political bearing, if not in the conduct of the campaign. There will no longer be any motive for postponing unpopular demands for men or money, and administrative usurpations, though they may perhaps now be more safely attempted, will become comparatively superfluous. A re-elected President is, in some respects, like the head of a new dynasty who has been relieved from the rivalry of a Pretender. His Government is stronger for all regular and irregular purposes, but it is, at the same time, exempted from the temptations of suspicion and fear. French Imperialists always declare that the edifice of liberty can be completed only when all hope of supplanting the reigning family has finally disappeared. Mr. LINCOLN, having attained the nearest approach to perpetual sovereignty which is allowed by American institutions, may possibly think fit to govern, for the remainder of his term, without creating new State constituencies or disenfranchising the legal electors by arbitrary tests. His exercise of official power for the promotion of his own re-election, and more especially his sanction of Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON'S shameless misconduct in Tennessee, are the most serious improprieties which can be laid to his charge. According to the North American standard of political morality, Mr. LINCOLN may be considered generally honest and patriotic. Even in his strange electioneering proceedings, he perhaps worked less consciously for himself than for a party whose triumph he may have thought essential to the safety of the Republic. The jealous regard for legal right which has been from time immemorial the security of English freedom has been dangerously relaxed in the United States, through the despotic tendencies of democracy. The conclusion of the internal contest will leave the Government at liberty to devote its exclusive attention to the prosecution of the war. As the Democrats have no constitutional opportunity of questioning the validity of the election, they must submit to the result of the ballot. According to the wholesome English practice, the vote of an unquestioned majority is rendered void by the use of violence and corruption; but Americans will be more willing to tolerate the fraudulent elections of the Border States, because they know that the Republican candidate would almost certainly have been returned without the aid of tests or of sham constituencies. The



extravagant vituperation which has been heaped on the supporters of M'CLELLAN, although it seems to foreign observers indiscreet, probably accords with the customs of the country. The popular love of superlatives has weakened the effect of abuse which sounds to English ears extravagant and offensive. The Peace Democrats are perhaps not seriously offended when they are daily assured by frantic opponents that, as traitors to the Union, they are infinitely worse than rebels.

The further assertion that every supporter of M'CLELLAN was virtually an advocate of the discontinuance of the war, contained an element of truth which was perhaps scarcely intended by Republican declaimers. The Democratic candidate, and the majority of his party, differed from the Republicans only on the proposed conditions of an imaginary reconciliation. Mr. LINCOLN insisted on the abolition of slavery as one of the terms of peace, while General M'CLELLAN professed only to demand the simple return of the South to the Union. As long as the Governments both of the Confederacy and of the several Southern States require a recognition of their independence, the ostensible issue is altogether insignificant. It is scarcely worth while to discuss the course to be adopted in a contingency which is not likely to arise, but there can be little doubt that the most intelligent part of the Democracy confesses in public only a portion of its creed. The war would be less embittered as soon as the conditions of peace had become nominally easier. Communications and overtures would begin to pass between the belligerents, and ultimately the armistice, which Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON's subjects are forced to disavow, might be concluded without any preliminary settlement of insoluble difficulties. The supremacy of the Democratic party would have reacted on the Government through the increased influence which would have been acquired by the friends of the South, especially in the Border States. The overthrow of the Republicans would have restored to the partial enjoyment of liberty Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri, where petty local factions, under the protection of Federal troops, have hitherto exercised the powers of the State Governments. Every political organization is practically directed by leaders who have a definite opinion and purpose. The Democrats, who merely dislike Mr. LINCOLN, and regret the loss of their own former predominance, would have been compelled to adopt a distinctive policy if they had succeeded in their struggle for power. As the great mass of the Northern population is still confident of ultimate victory over the South, a Republican President most faithfully represents the wishes and convictions of the people.

It is not unlikely that, when the election is over, the campaign will languish. General GRANT's army is said to be employed in erecting log huts for its winter quarters, and the failure of the last attack will perhaps discourage any immediate attempt either to extend the Federal lines or to assail the Confederate defences. General GRANT's mode of warfare is not inaccurately described by Northern journalists as a project of contravallation. It is not necessary to his purpose that either Richmond or Petersburg should be surrounded, if he can gradually spread himself across the lines of communication by which the population and the army are supplied with provisions. In the hope perhaps of, at the same time, promoting Mr. LINCOLN's re-election and obtaining a solid military advantage, he attempted three weeks ago to turn both flanks of the Confederate defences, although BUTLER's unsuccessful movement on the right can only have been intended as a diversion. General GRANT himself proposed to repeat his seizure of the Weldon railway, by extending his left towards the Southside railway which runs several miles further to the West; but the distance was too great for the maintenance of an uninterrupted line, and the Confederates found their way into an opening between two portions of his army and inflicted considerable damage. It was also found that the Southside railway was defended by a parallel range of formidable works, and it became necessary to abandon the enterprise until the numbers of the invading army were considerably increased. General LEE might perhaps have taken the opportunity to strike a heavy blow, if he had not been compelled to economise the lives of his men with the utmost frugality. General GRANT announced that he had remained for some time in the front of the enemy in the hope of inviting an attack, but he is well aware that his wary antagonist is by no means likely to consult his convenience. Both parties proclaim with suspicious eagerness that reinforcements are arriving at head-quarters, and there are no means of testing the truth of the statements on either side. Some of the Federal prisoners who were cap-

tured in the last battles are represented as raw recruits, though it might have been supposed that the men who were raised in October had not yet been sent to the front.

No recent movement is reported from the Shenandoah Valley, and, unless SHERIDAN once more detaches reinforcements to Richmond, EARLY perhaps will have no sufficient motive for risking another battle. The danger of an advance upon Lynchburg from the North no longer threatens the Confederates; and it seems that they are confident in the ability of HOOD and BEAUREGARD to prevent SHERMAN from detaching any part of his force to operate in Virginia. The accounts of the campaign in the West are extraordinarily obscure, as HOOD with the main body of his army has moved northward into Tennessee, while SHERMAN is said to have marched eastward from Atlanta. It would seem that either combatant has broken loose from his base to throw himself on the enemy's communications. The Federal army, however, is in a hostile country, and its larger numbers must cause an additional difficulty in providing the necessary supplies. It is evident that BEAUREGARD is not at present strong enough either to risk a battle or to retain permanent hold of the railway between Atlanta and Chattanooga. He may, however, greatly embarrass the Federal commander by breaking up the railway whenever it has been repaired, and by interrupting the communications of Chattanooga itself with the original base of operations at Nashville. As far north as the border of Kentucky, irregular troops are threatening incursions which will compel the Federals to retain a defensive force instead of forwarding reinforcements to Atlanta.

There is an irreconcilable contradiction between opposing statements of the advantages which the Federals have obtained in the course of the campaign and of the war. The speeches which have been delivered in promotion of the Republican canvass are filled with boastful enumerations of the territories which have been already recovered to the Union. Mississippi, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Northern Georgia, are claimed as permanent conquests, and it is undeniable that they have been penetrated by Federal armies. On the other hand, the friends of the South declare that since the beginning of the present year the tide of invasion has receded along a large portion of the Confederate frontier. They are fully justified in claiming large acquisitions on the west of the Mississippi, for they now possess the whole of Texas, the greater part of Western Louisiana, and all but a few fortified posts in Arkansas. The State of Mississippi is once more their own, and in exchange for SHERMAN's conquests in Georgia they have recovered a portion of Tennessee. The fortunes of the struggle, however, really depend not on the number of square miles which may be occupied by either belligerent, but on the operations of the great armies in the Eastern and Western departments. The balance of advantage has been on the side of the Federals, but the only serious danger which threatens the South is the exhaustion of the fighting population. The probable levy of coloured troops may perhaps relieve the Confederate Government from embarrassment, though it is at the same time an admission of weakness.

#### CATHEDRAL REFORM.

PITYING, apparently, the distress of public writers under the appalling famine of topics which is now desolating the newspaper offices, Dean CLOSE has started the subject of Cathedral Reform. It has presented itself to his mind in a characteristic way. Being compelled by law to reside nine months at the Deanery in Carlisle, he has occupied himself with preaching in the church of a parish in that city. Struck with his own virtue, and well aware that it is his duty not to hide his light under a bushel, he has published his good deeds to an admiring people in the form of a pamphlet upon Cathedral Reform. He feels, no doubt, that such a practice, illustrated by such an example, will at once commend itself to Deans and Canons throughout England as the only true means of averting from the cathedrals the destruction which he sees to be impending. His plan of Cathedral Reform is simply, as he says, "to intertwine the cathedral and parochial systems." In other words, he wishes to turn the cathedrals into big parish churches of the towns in which they stand. The idea is so simple that it would hardly have been worth while to be at the trouble of writing a pamphlet to suggest it to statesmen, if it had not been for the excellent opportunity it afforded for reminding mankind in general, and Lord PALMERSTON (to whom the pamphlet is addressed) in particular, of the virtues of Dean CLOSE, which, in his Northern exile, might otherwise have been forgotten.

Its merits are, however, confined to its simplicity, and to the facility with which it subserves the above admirable purpose. It can hardly be called a serious attempt to solve the difficulties of the Cathedral question. It can only be compared to an attempt to settle the controversy which is being carried on among naval men as to the disposal of Greenwich Hospital, by turning it into a workhouse for the town of Greenwich. The problem is, to give a diocesan value to institutions which were founded for the benefit of their respective dioceses. To turn them into purely local institutions is an Irish way of attaining to this end.

The Cathedral difficulty is one through which the most sanguine churchmen may be pardoned for not seeing their way very clearly. It depends upon the stubborn fact that cathedrals are stationary, while populations are migratory. The original conception of the Cathedral was that it should be the centre of the ecclesiastical administration and religious life of the diocese. It was accordingly set up in the place which was the administrative centre of the surrounding district. If this state of things could have been preserved, if populations could have been induced not to migrate from old cities to new, or could have contrived to carry their cathedrals with them, the difficulty would never have arisen. In respect to those cities from which a migration has not taken place, no grievance is felt. So long as the Dean and Canons are well selected, the mere fact of their being gathered together in such a place is of itself a benefit which is cheaply purchased by the endowment that sustains them. Whatever the particular kind of spiritual work upon which their peculiar bent may lead them to employ themselves, their residence is equally an advantage to the population among whom they live, and to the more distant districts that take their tone of thought and feeling from that centre. No one feels that the cathedral endowments of London are misapplied, so long, of course, as the appointments are well filled. It is inevitable that men selected for their eminence should have qualifications of very different kinds. One may be distinguished as an ecclesiastical historian; another may be the leader of a powerful school of religious thought; a third may be a great founder of missionary enterprise; a fourth may be an admired preacher. It would be most irrational pedantry to try to force these men from the line of activity in which their original distinction had been won into some other for which they are not fitted. Their appointment answers every purpose that can be fulfilled by a cathedral endowment. It gives a stimulus to every kind of merit in the Church; it bestows weight and prominence on those who are best fitted to use such advantages well; it keeps high the standard of zeal and intellect, by bringing the strongest minds and most energetic natures in the ranks of the Church into close and constant intercourse with each other, with the Bishop, and with the leading laity. The Deans and Canons of a cathedral city, where the city still retains its leading place, may possibly engage in parochial work; but whether they do so or not is a matter of secondary moment. The benefit which their appointment confers upon the Church is independent of the particular occupation they may follow.

But the state of the case is wholly different in those decaying cities which are now no better than market towns, and which owe their continued existence either to the cathedral alone, or to the combined support of the cathedral and the quarter sessions. They are the black sheep which have brought the whole cathedral system into disrepute. To try to revive it in such places is like trying to galvanize a dead body into life. Their existence is a hopeless problem. They cannot be abandoned; they cannot be mended; and they are a standing scandal as they are. What is to be done with such places as St. David's, or St. Asaph, or Lichfield, or Ely, or Canterbury? What possible employment can be found in them for the Dean, and even for the limited number of Canons to which they have been restricted by recent legislation? It is easy to cut the knot of the difficulty by dispensing with residence. The objection to the locality is done away with if none of them are required to live in it. Each of them may then continue in the duties in which he was engaged when the appointment was conferred on him, with no other difference in his position but that he would draw a large salary every quarter from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. But this is a cathedral system which wholly dispenses with the cathedral. It is simply a permission to the patron to augment the rent-charge of meritorious parish priests out of the rents of the old caputal estates. The Chapters, as such, cease to exist; the cathedrals are left, like the Abbey of St. Alban's, to become costly and inconvenient parish churches; and the revenues are confiscated to furnish augmentations for livings of an irre-

gular and capricious kind. It may ultimately come to pass that cathedrals in these smaller towns may be thus destroyed, and their property alienated in this way. But the remedy is a desperate one; and a very violent change must have come over the feelings of clergy and laity in this country before such fabrics as Canterbury, Lichfield, and Ely are abandoned as useless relics of a bygone state of things. To reform the cathedral system in these cities by annihilating the capitular bodies and stopping the cathedral services, very much resembles GUY FAWKES' plan for reforming the British Constitution. Dean CLOSE, naturally enough, shows no leaning to this idea. He is not the sort of man to propose his own abolition. On the contrary, he wishes to make the enforcement of residence considerably more stringent than it is now. But then the question comes, what is to be done with the Canons when they are there? Their assemblage is no longer beneficial in itself, as it is in the large centres of population. Their exile into small stagnant country towns, which have no influence even upon the county in which they are situated, is a loss rather than a gain to the Church. It is so much strength paralysed—so much talent, or activity, or earnestness locked up, and debarred from exercise. It was BENTHAM's doctrine that the most unprofitable thing you could do with a man was to hang him; and, on the same principle, the most thriftless employment that can be made of a clever clergyman is to plant him in a small cathedral town. It is a kind of perpetual pound, in which the unfortunate inmate can do nothing but eat and sleep, and look out longingly into the external world. Dean CLOSE's proposal that some small benefice should be attached to every deanery and canonry may be available as furnishing their incumbents with a defence against the temptations of melancholy madness. They had better be visiting the old women and preaching to the small tradesmen of a petty country town than absolutely doing nothing at all. But that work may be done as well, and probably better, by humbler machinery. Razors do not make good oyster-knives. A literate person of unfastidious taste and unctuous manner will penetrate further into the dull brains of one of these stagnant communities than the refined and highly-trained intellects out of which great students, or preachers, or administrators are made. The proposal is, in reality, open to objections of precisely the same kind as that of dispensing with residence altogether. It is an application of endowments that were intended for the benefit of the diocese at large, to the augmentation of particular benefices; and it has this special disadvantage, that the benefices selected for augmentation are peculiarly unimportant. The use of a large augmentation to a living is to enable the incumbent to keep curates. In the smaller cathedral cities there is no great spiritual deficiency, and a large influx of curates would be only a wanton waste of parson-power.

The problem will doubtless solve itself as time goes on. To adopt the proposition of Dean CLOSE would be merely to commit ourselves beyond recall to the most vicious and profitless system of all. The wisest course for the present would be to confine the appointments to the Deaneries, at least of the smaller cathedral cities, to those who had obtained their eminence only as students. But such speculations are purely theoretical. For practical purposes there will always be a sufficient supply of men who, by themselves or their relatives, have deserved well of the Minister of the day, and whose claims will relieve him of all distracting doubts with regard to the bestowal of his patronage.

#### THE BOARD OF WORKS AND THE CITY.

IF ever there was a subject which seemed destined to sleep for ever, it was the great Sewage-deodorization and Agricultural-improvement question. For a century and more the filth of Edinburgh had poured its fertilizing streams over the Portobello meadows, and had turned land worth 2s. 6d. per acre into soil which produced coarse grass in such abundance as to bring in from 20l. to 40l. an acre for the crop. It is true that these blessings were accompanied by the creation of an atmosphere which only a practical farmer could enjoy; and some eager partisans of rival projects have recently proclaimed the discovery that all the Edinburgh cows die of pleuro-pneumonia, and that Edinburgh milk is poison in a sense which transcends the virtues of its London analogue. We do not profess to discuss these and the like savoury details with the gusto of Dr. BRADY, who takes a sort of professional interest in them, or with the zeal of Lord ROBERT MONTAGU, who has at last found a topic which he could make his own. But it is singular that the scraps of knowledge



on the subject which have existed so long should all at once have made London resound with the echoes of the sewage controversy. To use the favourite slang of the day, the sewers have been ventilated with a vengeance. The Metropolitan Board of Works has roused itself from its deep lethargy, and pronounced decisively in favour of one plan. Lord ROBERT MONTAGU and Dr. BRADY are quite as keen for a counter project; and if it were possible to understand what the Coal, Corn, and Finance Committee of the Common Council have to do with the matter, it might be also possible to guess why the learned Doctor and the noble Lord (not to mention the thrice learned Dr. LIEBIG) should rush to the aid of the City authorities. Probably there are elective affinities in these matters, which it needs a special knowledge of the properties of sewage to appreciate.

Whatever may be the baleful influence which, according to the City authorities, is poisoning the purity of Mr. THWAITES' Board—however mysterious may be the cause of the sudden uprising of the Common Council in its strength—the discussion of the subject can lead to nothing but good. Only a few years ago, the highest aim of every one interested in the drainage of London was to get rid of the results at any cost, and the scheme which carried them furthest away, and disposed of them most effectually, was universally accepted as the best. Now, the fact is recognised that this despised refuse is a deposit of inestimable value, and rival contractors and engineers are vying with one another for the privilege of utilizing the outpourings of the London sewers. The City authorities have satisfied themselves that the disposable products which are now thrown away are worth nearly 3,000,000*l.* per annum, and Mr. Alderman ROSE rises to poetic fervour in his indignation at the spectacle of the Metropolitan Board of Works monopolizing the sewage to themselves. Other estimates range downwards from this amount to nothing; and the real truth seems to be that, though the value of the manure is undeniable, no one knows what the margin would be after all the cost of distribution had been defrayed.

The great contest between the Metropolitan Board and the Common Council would be nothing if there were no distinctive principles to appeal to, but each side has its creed and its banner. GOG and MAGOG take their stand on the doctrine of moderation, while Mr. THWAITES is more than suspected of a leaning to the principle of excess. Which is the preferable plan it is impossible to say until the experiment has been tried on a much larger scale than at Rugby or Edinburgh. The advocates of excess maintain that to cover large areas of land with what they contemptuously call a sprinkling of the fertilizing essence would involve an outlay in the process of distribution which would more than eat up all the profits; and they draw a fearful picture of irrigating pipes choked with deposit, and exasperated farmers cursing the projectors who had coaxed them to ruin. The City, on the other hand, denounces excess with the fervour of Temperance agitators. Malaria, poison, death to cattle, destruction of the air we breathe, and a whole artillery of similar horrors are fired at the projects for concentrating the sewage on comparatively small areas of hitherto waste land. Who shall decide between such combatants? We may shrewdly suspect that neither party can go much beyond a guess in any of its calculations; and, if it were certain that contractors would always be animated with their present fever of competition, it might be well to postpone the final appropriation of the London refuse until experiment on a moderate scale had supplied more data for an opinion. But it so happens that one of the contending factions has the inestimable privilege of possession. If the sewers of London are the gold-mine which they are supposed to be, it is a mine in the lawful custody and possession of the Metropolitan Board of Works; and they have resolved to hand it over to two enterprising gentlemen—Messrs. NAPIER and HOPE—upon the terms of dividing any profits which may remain after paying a preferential dividend of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. to the contractors and the Company with which they propose to associate themselves. Whether the rates will ever be eased by this contingent share of profits may be doubtful, but there is at least this to be said for the project—that it is proposed to carry the sewage to the east coast of Essex, after feeding the farms upon the road, and there to employ it all in reclaiming and fertilizing a tract of sea-sand known as the Maplin Sands. The bargain implies, —first, a grant from the Crown, and, secondly, the sanction of Parliament to the scheme, so that Lord ROBERT MONTAGU and the principle of moderation will have another chance of arresting what they consider the fatal course of the Metropolitan Board.

Whatever may be the ultimate result, it is a delightful change from the prospects of a few years past to find that the only difficulty in the utilization of sewage is to select the fortunate contractors, and to take care that the precious monopoly is not parted with on too easy terms. This is an immense advance, and it is mainly the fact of such a stride having been taken that suggests the doubt whether much better bargains might not be made after a few years' experience. Nothing less than a fifty years' term will satisfy the contractors, and, as they propose to spend 2,000,000*l.* on their works, their demand is natural enough; but, for all that, it may possibly turn out that a more profitable arrangement might be effected by the exercise of a little patience. The Metropolitan Board have been so twitted for their negligence, and have chafed so much under the forced inaction to which they were doomed while Parliamentary Committees were sitting on the subject, that they no sooner find themselves at liberty than they rush into the first contract which is offered for their acceptance. At the worst, however, if the project does not fall through, they will be well quit of the pollution, though they may not realize all the profit which sanguine Common Councilmen expect from the operation. There can be no question of the great intrinsic value of the material to be disposed of, but, in the utter ignorance which prevails as to the best mode of utilizing it, and as to the cost of the process, it would require superhuman insight beyond even that of a Metropolitan Board to form a safe judgment on a contract intended to endure for half a century. Mr. THWAITES has gained his victory over the Common Council and their Parliamentary allies, and it would perhaps be the more judicious course to keep himself unfettered until after the project he espouses shall have received the sifting which it is certain to undergo before the sanction of Parliament can be obtained. Meanwhile, the public may solace themselves with the reflection that there is no longer a question of loss or expenditure, and that, come what may, they are certain to get rid of the great London nuisance, and perhaps to secure some pecuniary return for all the money that has been spent upon their part of the undertaking.

#### IMPATIENCE.

IT is quite possible that patience in the more trying positions of life may be compatible with impatience of manner and of conduct in little matters where the higher powers of the soul are not called in. "A great patience" is a thing of effort and principle, not of temperament. Our present concern, however, is mainly with that impatience which shows itself in the mode of meeting the little rubs of daily life; or rather, which makes things rubs and trials to some people, which with others pass unnoticed, or which ordinary self-control renders endurable. It is a quality which very often interferes with the ease and pleasure of our intercourse with bright, quick-witted persons, whose society would otherwise be an unqualified refreshment; for we are not many of us patient enough for *two*—not patient enough to be perfectly serene and untroubled in the close neighbourhood of perturbation and restlessness, whether of movement or of mind. Our sympathy turns against us. What does not annoy us on our own account becomes a bugbear if it is the sort of thing to try our friend's patience. We are disturbed and ill at ease, we don't know why, even before his characteristic declares itself.

We are not at all sure that the humouring of this impatient temper does not quicken and keep in vigour certain forms of cleverness. At any rate, we find it where we see readiness of repartee, and what are called sallies of pleasantry. These volatile spirits find it very hard work to tolerate any state of affairs at all against the grain, and dulness especially is so opposed to their nature that exposure to it becomes a haunting fear, and restraint of any sort is unendurable. In the same way, they will not stand anything that grates upon taste, any exhibition of character uncongenial to their own temper; so that a hundred traits which are not without interest to minds possessing patience to enter into them are to them simply irritating, if they run counter to their own humour. This sort of interest, and the habits induced by it, impatient people are strangers to. Such things as can be taken in at a glance they often see with exceptional penetration, with the rapidity of intuition; but a man's whole nature is not to be apprehended by this quick method, and therefore no impatient person has any real knowledge of character. It is impossible that he should; for this knowledge comes with study, in the same way that men learn the habits and ways of every other animal—that is, by close observation. However, this is their affair, and it is not because impatient people have certain deficiencies that we complain of them, but for the trepidation, uneasiness, and failure they often induce. To be closely associated with an impatient man, otherwise amiable, is to be deprived of a good share of our own individuality. For, on the one hand, impatience is such a power, we are so annoyed at awaking it in our own person, it wounds our sensitiveness so keenly, that it drives

us back into ourselves; and, on the other, it imposes upon us an undue burden of civility, forbearance, and good manners, and thus puts us in a false position.

But keen and ready wit is by no means the commonest promoter of impatience. It needs only for a man to think unduly well of himself, and to be bent on self-display, to be impatient in the most tormenting form of the disease. People are often intolerant of the restraints of society because it is impossible to practise the self-glorification which has become essential to happiness in a scene where a man is obliged to seem one of a body met for general purposes, and occupied with each other's interests. Impatient men of this sort must be king of their company, secure of holding the thread of conversation in their own hands, or of being able to get away the instant they lose it. Again, all men of over-active brain and over-tasked energies are impatient. This, to be sure, is partly a physical infirmity, but the fault is moral also, arising from another form of self-occupation. The effort which such people have to make, to bridle their too visible impatience where escape is impossible, is sometimes quite pathetic; there is such an air of the martyr, on occasions which, to the cooler observer, are quite inadequate for so piteous a resignation. Yet we ought to be indulgent to every effort of self-restraint, for, if impatience implies no worse temper in its possessor than in others, it necessarily involves failures in good-nature. He eschews all the hard work of society. We are left in the lurch by our impatient friend on occasions where his co-operation might have lightened our load considerably, and where he knows this, but coolly pleads an idiosyncrasy. And impatience has more than passive ill-nature to answer for. No impatient man would like to see written down in black and white the ugly wishes he has bestowed by turns upon all near enough to cause him occasional inconvenience and perplexity. There are few of his best friends, we venture to assert, whom he has not at some time or other wished at the bottom of the sea, or anywhere in or out of space, so they were out of his way for good. And this from no innate hardness, but from abhorrence of a dilemma, and recoil from some pressing perplexity.

There is an impatience that, as far as we can judge, does not go much beyond nerves, which leads to perpetual locomotion. Once indulged, it renders a person incapable of sitting quiet for half an hour at a time. On a large scale, where people have time and money at command, the demon drives them from place to place. They live in railways, are perpetually popping in upon their friends, who know their visitant to be rather flying from what he dreads than prompted by any love of their society. He has just escaped from something intolerable, and will presently—they care not how soon—find them intolerable in their turn. Not that these people are rendered unhappy by their restlessness. A thriving, well-indulged, normal impatience does not appear to disturb the comfort of its possessor. He simply wonders at and despises the apathy of the people about him. The person who cannot stand things, cannot endure things, and is amazed how others can stand, tolerate, put up with the life they lead, always feels the superior, and considers his disgust of sameness a mark of a higher organization. Impatience of this sort seems to arise from an intolerance of steps and processes. All people have it towards some things; the impatient man is one who shows it towards everything. He rebels against gradual, step-by-step advance—against the spaces that occur between the beginning and the end of every transaction, and which, indeed, constitute our idea of time. He acts as though he preferred the summary and index to the book itself. Whether the interval be what occurs between going and coming, between sitting down and rising up, between this and dinner-time, between the opening and the climax of a story, between the first statement of an argument and the conclusion, between the present moment and his turn to speak, his craving is that it shall be shortened. He would either do away with time, and thus shorten life, or he would cram it with more than it can hold or than human nature can live through. And we recognise this impatience by signs only too unmistakable, where it is held in the vice of necessity; by sighs, jerks, fidgets, groans, biting of nails, drummings, tappings, yawnings, in various stages of development, as the natural tendency is partially restrained by good manners or allowed full play; by interruptions and exclamations—"Yes, yes!" "Well!" "And so," "And then," "And did he?" and all the interjectional goads to greater despatch; by rushings hither and thither, by slamming of doors, by callings, by hurry and bustle and flurried footsteps, by an incapacity to wait for anything, and frequently by an objection to be waited upon; by an intolerance of peculiarities or unavoidable defects in others, by an exasperation under petty trials and minute inflictions, by a habit of unscrupulous interruption, and an unreasonable disgust at being interrupted.

We say that all these exhibitions and manifestations may proceed from mere restlessness of temperament; but we can never be sure; and this ought to make us tolerant of some forms of impatience, that it is perhaps the consequence of some temporary disorder and disturbance, which would excite our sympathy if we knew it. Thus the girl who tries us by swinging in and out of the room half a dozen times within the hour, or who has taken up and flung aside as many books in the same space of time, may be in love; the young fellow who wonders how we can possibly exist in the dimness and dullness of our study, may be in debt. We all learn—or it is inexcusable if we do not—to bear with the impatience of physical suffering; but this is often only a type of worse ailments—suspense, gnawing anxiety, or some miserable secret that men carry about with them all unknown to their nearest friends, and which only finds relief in

querulous impatience of trifles. A man has been detected in a rash speculation in the funds by a shrewd observer who knew how to interpret the slight signs of a suppressed impatience. The impatience of invalids has the further plea that it is unquestionably a fine restorative, a healthy sign. Dr. Johnson was decidedly better, though not far from his end, on the day when, after having movingly represented to all his friends the vacancy of his life and the value of letters to a sick man far from London and reasonable conversation, imploring them "to write, to write often," he next snubs them all round with "I have three letters this day all about the balloon; I could have been content with one; do not write about the balloon, whatever else you may think proper to say." And when our own sick friend, in the same spirit, snaps at us in our efforts for his diversion, with "I have heard that a dozen times; you have told me that before," we may console ourselves with the reflection that he is in a fair way, and that we are improving his appetite, if not his temper. Sameness and repetition are indeed wormwood to this condition of mind, from whatever cause proceeding. There is an uneasiness that dissolves all the ties of habit and association, and that must have change, irrespectively of any other advantage. This is the impatience which Wordsworth has painted in the bereaved lover's "feverish complaint." The "cottage," the "oak," the "thrush," are all unendurable in their stationariness, as the rill is intolerable in its flow:—

Thou Eglantine, so bright with sunny showers,  
Proud as a rainbow spanning half the vale,  
Thou one fair shrub, oh! shed thy flowers  
And stir not in the gale.  
For thus to see thee nodding in the air,  
To see thy arch thus stretch and bend,  
Thus rise and thus descend—  
Disturbs me till the sight is more than I can bear.

All people, to speak broadly, have their impatient side. Nobody is patient through every test. Very quiet and serene-looking persons are sometimes impatient of choice and deliberation—they are impatient, that is, of anything that disturbs the quiet natural flow of events. Those who live by habit and rule are impatient of interruption to the order of their lives. Many people are nervously impatient of being read to. To have to keep pace with other eyes and tongue, to receive ideas whether they will or not, to be tied down to the civility of listening! altogether it produces a peculiar creepiness of irritation. We do not think we are mistaken in saying that all great talkers are impatient of other talkers, and resent the tax on their attention as a grievance and severe infliction; and we believe that most successful talkers are impatient of every other form of relaxation, and have been so all their lives. Thus Sydney Smith was amusingly impatient of music. "Nothing," he exclaims, "can be more disgusting than an oratorio!" "Music for such a length of time, unless under sentence of a jury, he would not submit to"; and to offer him the whole range of so-called amusements was like tempting a tiger with barley-meal, or turning a leopard into clover. On the other hand, who can tell the frenzy of impatience that even good talk, if at all continuous, stirs up in persons whose notions of amusement take a more active turn—in a party of young people, for example, condemned to listen to the best of conversers in the immediate neighbourhood of a capital croquet-ground?

Society is the one great check and physician for natural impatience—that power before which all outbreaks are forbidden, which enjoins external civility to the bore, "though the hearer would prefer toothache or ear-ache to his conversation." It is only in extreme cases that men give full and free vent to impatience, when they know their time is marked out for them, and a certain order of things inevitable. And there are educational lessons in patience which succeed if not carried beyond endurance, or tried upon the wrong people. A great example of the serene and imperturbable was trained in boyhood to this point by the terrible discipline of sitting at table two hours every day after dinner, doing absolutely nothing. He did not like it any better than other boys, but, fortunately for him, he could think, and therefore stood it till practice developed in him a patience of really heroic proportions. Not but that there is a sort of noble impatience which has a work to do in the world, or a vast deal of fine writing in verse and prose has been thrown away. Of this we must presume that cutting the Gordian knot was an example, and Hotspur a fine specimen. Some enthusiastic Federal would possibly adduce General Grant as another instance, pictured, as he has been to the world, whittling through the course of a battle, to cool the sublime fever of command.

However, as a rule, nothing more incapacitates a man for the lead than impatience. No constitutionally impatient man, who has indulged his tendency, ever gets to the bottom of things, or knows with any nicety the standing disposition and circumstances of the people he is thrown, or has thrown himself, amongst. Certain salient points he is possessed of, but not what reconciles and accounts for them. Something in him—an obtrusive self, or a train of thought, or likings and antipathies—will always come between him and an impartial judgment. Neither does he win confidence, for he checks the coy, uncertain advances which are the precursors of it. We doubt if a thoroughly impatient man can read the heart, or be a fair critic, or understand the rights of any knotty question, or make himself master of any difficult situation. The power of waiting, deliberating, hanging in suspense, is necessary for all these—the power of staving off for considerable periods of time merely personal leanings. We shall constantly find impatient persons whatever their natural powers, possessed by mis-



taken impressions, and taking mistaken views of people and things. A lawyer, it is true, may be an impatient man, and yet a good lawyer, though law needs all the deliberating qualities we have touched upon; but in this case a great soberer, in the shape of fees, has interposed, for, indeed, who can estimate the tranquillizing effect, upon the most fiery temperament, of the consideration that money is to be got by patience? So, whatever the original bias of those concerned, the business of the world is carried through, however dull most of it seems to the bystander?

We have spoken of waiting as a power, and much might be said on this point; for to know how long to wait and when to cease from waiting, how long to pause and when to resolve, constitutes, in no small degree, the virtue of punctuality and the proper limits of patience.

#### THE MÜLLER LITERATURE.

THE sooner the disgusting history of Müller and of all that belonged to him is forgotten the better, but, as it passes out of sight, it may be as well to notice some of the curious specimens of imbecility which it brought to light. People have got into a habit of thinking that nobody knows his own business, and that, in particular, lawyers and jurymen are not competent to hang a man and have done with him without the interference of a ragged regiment of amateurs, who have as much right to have an opinion on the effect of evidence as on any other matter of which they are densely ignorant. That Müller was guilty, and that, if he had been innocent, he would have been able to explain the evidence given against him, were facts which no lawyer or person accustomed to criminal trials could ever really doubt. If anything had been wanted to confirm the impression derived from the evidence for the Crown, it would have been supplied by the evidence for the prisoner. An *alibi* which owed all its cogency to so nice a calculation of time that if a kitchen clock was ten minutes fast it would become evidence against the prisoner, was one of those two-edged swords which a man accustomed to defending prisoners views with disgust. Müller's counsel must have wished with all his heart that Müller had either forgotten his visit to Camberwell or kept it to himself. The little points which made in Müller's favour were just the sort of points which almost always occur in criminal trials, and which juries, when properly advised by the judge, set on one side. Mr. Lee's evidence was no doubt singular, but it was quite consistent with Müller's guilt. It certainly, too, was a most singular thing that a journeyman tailor going quietly home in a railway carriage should conceive and execute such a crime in a few moments, and without anything like premeditation; but, on the other hand, it was obvious from the nature of the case that, in point of fact, some one had done so. The jury, like sensible men, kept their minds steadily on the broad facts of the case, and returned a verdict accordingly. The Secretary of State also, on this occasion, showed vigour, and refused to allow himself to be frightened from his duty by remonstrances and clamour. Müller's confession adds little to the opinion which every competent person must have entertained on the subject, but it throws a singular light on the value of the petitions and memorials heaped upon poor Sir George Grey.

First in importance, and not last in folly, comes the memorial of the German Protection Society. It forms an immense mass of disjointed gossip, some of which would have been prevented by the rules of evidence from going before the jury under any circumstances. For instance, no counsel who had the least respect for himself would have tried to tell the Court that some one or other had seen four men in a cab who threw a bloody pair of trousers out of the window, or that the Baron de Camin (is he the No-Popery champion?) met "a blood-covered man" who appeared to him to have committed a murder. Neither would any lawyer who knew his business have gratified the peculiar national genius of his clients by delivering a sort of juridical monograph on the way in which hats are cut down, and by exhibiting the results of their zeal in "turning over all the rich stores of Petticoat Lane, and hunting through Kennington, Lambeth, &c. &c." The result of this intelligent operation was the discovery of a number of Mr. Digance's hats in a post-mortem condition, one of which "was entirely similar to the so-called Briggs's hat, with the letter B inside it." The memorial goes on to observe—

There were certain marks in it showing that it had been made to order. Mr. Digance therefore had to be asked whether he could point out the owner of this hat. The defence did not make much use of these different hats, and handled the whole of this part of the evidence rather clumsily.

There was no doubt abundant clumsiness, but it was not on the part of the counsel for the defence. Mr. Digance never said that he could swear positively that the hat was Mr. Briggs's, but only that it was in every respect similar. How is this evidence shaken by proof that he could not, at a moment's notice, point out the original owner of an old secondhand hat which he saw for the first time at the Old Bailey? In their enthusiastic zeal, the German Society utterly missed the point of the evidence. It was not merely that Müller had a hat very like Briggs's, but that, the murderer having had a hat sworn to as Müller's, and having carried off Briggs's hat, Müller had a hat very like Briggs's for the possession of which he could not account, while his own hat could be accounted for only by supposing that it had been left in the railway carriage. If the Society could have shown where Müller got the hat so like Mr. Briggs's, they would have been

better employed than in hunting through Kennington and Petticoat Lane to show that there were other hats in the world of the same kind. Of course, they chose to say that the Repschs and Matthews were not to be believed, but that was emphatically a question for the jury. The memorial is full of statements which are either irrelevant or contradicted. There is, for instance, a long history about pedlars at the London Docks, who were in the habit of selling stolen goods. This appears exceedingly likely, but consider the extravagance of the argument founded on it. Müller says, "I bought this watch at the Docks of such and such a pedlar." The evidence is that there really was such a pedlar at the Docks, and that he was a suspicious character. This shows that Müller knew a pedlar who was a suspicious character; but where is the proof, except his own word, that the pedlar sold him the watch? The Society always stop just short of the point. They collect a mass of facts which might be important as the foundation of something else, but that something else never comes. The one really important piece of evidence in the whole case they judiciously managed to spoil. The Blyths may or may not be considered to have contradicted the Repschs; at all events, they ought to have been cross-examined at the trial on the point about the hat. They were not cross-examined, obviously because Serjeant Parry had no instructions (he did not even venture to ask the Blyths whether Müller wore his boots or a slipper on the days in question), and was too wise to ask dangerous questions in their absence—a wisdom, by the way, which failed him when he brought out the point about the lining of the hat bought by Matthews. Why had Serjeant Parry no instructions? Because those who got up the case did not do their duty by asking the necessary questions beforehand. After such an omission, the value of the evidence is so much diminished as to be almost destroyed. If witnesses were allowed after a trial to mend their evidence, there would be no end to cases. Trial by jury would be superseded by a muddling kind of amateur discussion, which never comes to a point at all, but runs off into a series of conjectures and collateral issues as uninformative to the understanding as they are burdensome to the memory. Of all the nonsense talked about the trial, the most offensive part is the suggestion that Müller's being a German had anything to do with the result. Does any one doubt that an Englishman would have been hung on the same evidence?

The German Society have succeeded in one thing, though probably it was not their intention to do it. They have given an admirable illustration of the superiority of our English mode of trial to that trial by gossip which they have endeavoured to substitute for it. By acting on the plain rules of common sense embodied in the law of evidence, we have brought to justice a most atrocious criminal, about whose guilt there is now no sort of question. With all their gossiping and searching, the German Society have really added nothing to the material evidence beyond a single fact—the evidence of the Blyths—which they ought to have ascertained before the trial. There is, no doubt, something amiable in the wish to save a man in his utmost need; but this, like almost every other case of the kind that has happened, shows the absurdity of the attempts which people persist in making to see further into millstones than those whose profession it is to inspect them. In every sensation case which has been tried for some years past, there has been an attempt to add to the evidence extra-judicially, and in no instance has anything material been added, unless any one, influenced by that injured man's judicious letter to the *Times*, chooses to consider Smethurst's case as an exception. Think of the inquiries made about the Road murder, about the case of Jessie McLachlan, about Palmer's case, about Townley's case. In no one instance has the popular tribunal added anything material to the facts judicially proved, though now and then its clamours have prevailed on the Secretary of State to interfere unreasonably with the execution of the law.

The truth appears to be, that a good bloody murder, with a spice of mystery, stimulates a certain class of persons into something approaching to thought, though nothing less pungent will induce them to attempt such a process. When they try to use their minds they are naturally awkward, and the results are at times grotesque in the extreme. For instance, a gentleman of the name of De Gruyther, who describes himself as late of Allahabad in the East Indies, feels bound to publish a pamphlet on what he calls the "Great North London Railway Tragedy." We are almost sorry that we cannot give his performance *in extenso*, so completely does it illustrate the imbecility of amateur jurymen. We will content ourselves with one or two specimen passages. They simply baffle all criticism. Take, for instance, Mr. de Gruyther's notions of law:—

D. and B. are lawfully engaged discussing some wine. D. rises up and strikes B. B. does not retaliate immediately, but pauses a second, and then stabs or strikes D., killing him. The deed would be murder, and could not be justified on the ground that, at the time, B. was engaged in the commission of no other felony.

That the "deed" would be manslaughter is a proposition as familiar as that the eldest son is heir-at-law to his father. Take Mr. de Gruyther as to facts:—

Supposing even that the identity of the hats had been established, there are countless easy and natural theories by which the fact of Müller's hat being on the scene of the tragedy, and the stolen property in his possession, could be reconciled with his innocence.

Mr. de Gruyther had been good enough just before to give a specimen of one of these easy and natural theories. He says:—

In my opinion, as far as the author of the outrage could control the matter, it was a misadventure, and consequently comes under the head of homicide.

It has not been shown, that Mr. Briggs, died of the blows received in the carriage, nor is there any proof that while the homicidal passion or spirit of molestation was in active operation, that [sic] Mr. Briggs was either forcibly thrown or driven out of the carriage by his assailant and so died. It is manifest, then, he was not murdered. The supposition is that, in the heat of the assault, Mr. Briggs feigned unconsciousness. On this his assailant, desisted from further violence, and turned to rifle the bag. Mr. Briggs finding a pause, availed himself of the cessation, jumped up, opened the door and leaped out of the carriage [and politely shut the door, we suppose]. It is self-evident, then, if a pause intervened, and Mr. Briggs' assailant did all he could, not to murder him, and that Mr. Briggs did not die under the direct blow or assault of his assailant that his death, sad as it is, is not murder, though it might have occurred during the commission of a felony.

The idea of Mr. Briggs's assailant "doing all he could not to murder him" is unequalled in literature of any description. To touch it would be to spoil it.

There is another side to the matter which, to us, is even more disgusting than the explosions of popular folly which it has produced. As if secular absurdities were not enough, the religious world must come upon the scene. A certain Mr. Battiscombe must needs go to Newgate, to look after the poor wretch's soul. It was no doubt an act of charity, but the scene which occurred, coupled with Müller's confession, gives a fair sample of the amount of good that Mr. Battiscombe was likely to do to any one's soul. Mr. Battiscombe at great length pressed Müller to confess if he were guilty. Müller was all piety and sweetness. His reason for not confessing was that he could not die with a lie on his lips. He answered theological catchwords, too solemn to be repeated here, with a beautiful "readiness." He quoted the well-known hymn, "Just as I am, without one plea," &c. &c.; he mourned over his past life; he prayed. In a word, he fairly overpowered his clerical friend:—

The frankness, simplicity, earnestness, and devotional feeling with which he spoke affected me most deeply. I felt this man is as innocent of the crime as I am.

Müller was even rather glad to be hung, to be out of the way of temptation:—

"Ah," he said, "had I lived in America, I fear I should have gone on in the same sinful way. But thus God has brought me to a sense of my sins. I am happy; I never was so happy."

Mr. Battiscombe was fairly overcome. He rushed to the sympathizing columns of the *Evening Star*, and poured out his experiences:—

Oh, how much could I write about Franz Müller! I never during my whole life have felt so intensely interested about any one as I have about him. I feel so assured of his innocence that, as I said to him, "Müller, we may meet no more here, but it is my good hope we shall by the Divine mercy, through the Lord Jesus Christ, meet at his right hand as pardoned through the blood of Christ and sanctified by his Spirit."

Mr. Battiscombe concludes by a practical inference:—

God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform.

Müller believes that God has permitted all this to come upon him in punishment of sins committed in his past life, and as the means of bringing him to feel truly repentant, and of putting his entire reliance on Christ as his alone hope of salvation.

Apparently Mr. Battiscombe thinks so too, or he would not repeat with satisfaction such revolting blasphemy, which is all the more hideous because it is so perfectly unconscious. If it means anything, it means that God Almighty acted a part not much unlike that of a fraudulent defective; that He brought Müller near to the spot at about the time of the murder; that He put Müller's hat, or a hat just like it, into the railway-carriage, and put a hat just like Mr. Briggs's on Müller's head; that He put the murdered man's watch into Müller's box, and prompted Müller to tell a lie about it; and that by all these contrivances He misled a court of justice, and procured a judicial murder, for the sake of bringing Müller to repentance. It may be hoped that in all Europe there is not a police spy so vile as to be capable of such conduct. That a poor wretch who had himself committed a hideous murder because a gold chain caught his eye, and who, when he saw a foolish clergyman, invented a set of soft phrases and demure lies because he had some faint hope that they might save his life—that he should think thus of God is conceivable. One can understand how the man who murdered Mr. Briggs for a watch and about 4*l.* should think that God would murder him for the sake of getting him to do something which he calls repenting. That a clergyman of any denomination should think so would be inconceivable if we had not awful and daily proof of the opposition between morality and some forms of religion. The whole tone of Mr. Battiscombe's letter suggests that it was from him that the suggestions came to which Müller responded so "readily." We can imagine the sort of prompting which would bring the poor wretch to feel as if he was pleased at the prospect of death, and teach him the "mysterious way" in which God moved. Is it not time to say boldly that the whole theory on which such promptings rest is fundamentally rotten and immoral? Mr. Battiscombe is obviously quite incapable of resisting the impression of a few catch-words, and has no conception at all of the hideous facility with which a murderer will lie, especially about his soul. Those who know murderers

well, know that no class of men are fonder of pious talk. Religious canting is to a murderer what the cold fit of an ague is to the hot fit. These men have for the most part a genuine pleasure in hymns and prayers. Such things hide from them their own villainess, and make them feel respectable, or as they call it "happy." In this hideous delusion they are often countenanced by clergymen who are apt to suppose that devotional phrases and devotional feelings are a protection against moral guilt, and that a man who thinks of past sins, to which he is no longer tempted, with shame and disgust, is therefore a changed and a good man. Repentance may be quite sincere, and yet the man himself may be just as bad as he was before—just as likely to commit the very same offence under the same temptation. So long as the clergy suppose that in the twinkling of an eye a bad man can be changed into a good one, and that the ready use of devotional language is the best evidence that he has been so changed, they will be estranged from the sensible part of the laity.

Of Müller himself, and of his tardy confession, we need say very little. It was on the whole as hideous a scene as ever happened. There is something in the awfulness of the crime, the fawning (though perhaps not utterly insincere) devotion mixed up with persistent lying that followed it, and the gradual victory of the fear of hell over the fear of the gallows, extorting the last admission at the last instant, which is enough at once to sicken and to solemnize the most callous observer. One observation, however, it certainly suggests. Let the opponents of capital punishment say what they will, Müller did fear death. He feared it because he reasonably feared hell, and that fear was upon him, and was acting on him, to the very last moment. There can be no doubt that it acted—far down, perhaps, and quietly—on the ragged ruffians who stood bonneting each other in front of the drop, as it acted also on the most cultivated reader of the next morning's *Times*. We all fear it. All of us, even the most sceptical, are, at the bottom of our hearts, more or less afraid of being damned, whatever that may mean. No one can say that hell-fire is quite out of the question. This is the real sting and bitterness of the gallows, and for this reason may it be reared as long as people go on committing murder, delivering thereby to all whom it concerns an emphatic lesson that there are things which make men unfit to stay in this world, and expose them to the chance of whatever terrors the world after death may have in store.

#### SIR EMERSON TENNENT AND LITERARY ADVOCACY.

NOTHING is harder than to define the exact relation in which a critic stands towards the public for whom he exercises his functions. In a model literary world, the theory would certainly be that he should occupy the position of an impartial literary Rhadamanthus, and this, of course, is the severe atmosphere to which all critics should endeavour to mount. In practice, however, their literary wings seldom bear them to such a height, and it often happens that a critic cannot be said to be absolutely neutral. There resides in everybody's mind some prepossession of one kind or another, whether it comes from the category of educational, or of political, or of personal prejudices. Croker, for instance, could scarcely have been asked to do more than the barest and most naked justice to a French Republican regicide. Probably, in private life, Mr. Gladstone thinks very little of Mr. Disraeli's pastoral orations about South-down sheep, and Mr. Disraeli conscientiously abuses Mr. Gladstone's way of translating Homer in return. With anonymous writers the moral question easily solves itself. Their statements are accepted chiefly for what they are worth; or, if they write under the advantageous shelter of a great newspaper or review, their duty, as honourable men, is simply to be frank and open in their intercourse with its responsible conductors. A critic is not, certainly, bound to suppress his opinions of a first-rate poem simply because it has been written by a friend, or to hold his tongue about a piece of political charlatanism because he dislikes the man who perpetrated it. He may carefully say how much, and why, the poem pleases him, and how much he is offended by the political crime; and, having warned those who steer the literary ship that, after all, he may be but a biassed umpire, leave them to look into the matter, and make or not make his criticism their own. That he should not pretend to be more impartial than he is, to those to whom he is responsible, is the great law of literary morals which never should be broken.

Some months ago, a literary author of some note—Sir J. Emerson Tennent—was attacked elsewhere by a friend of Sir William Armstrong, for having, in his *Story of the Guns*, transgressed a no less important law of literary controversy by a systematic misquotation of Blue-books and by a free misstatement of facts. The *Saturday Review*, in treating of the difficulties of literary advocacy from an ethical point of view, incidentally noticed Sir Emerson Tennent's case, and pointed out that misquotation or suppression of material evidence, if proved, was an abuse of an advocate's privileges. The relative merits of Sir William Armstrong's or of Mr. Whitworth's guns are matters that were not then, and ought not now to be, dragged into discussion. A scientific committee is conducting experiments on the subject, and whichever rival system is the safer and better of the two, in the long run, will doubtless be adopted. But it seemed so



strange that a man in Sir Emerson's position should be guilty of a wholesale, even if only careless, alteration of evidence, that we naturally drew attention to the charge. We said that Sir William Armstrong's friends had a right to complain of a Government servant lending his powers and his literary prestige to cover a number of hasty blunders or misquotations about the Armstrong gun, or about the successive Ministers who had taken it up at the War Office; just as Mr. Whitworth would, on his part, thoroughly regret to find his cause injured rather than served by so injudicious and inaccurate an advocate. Sir Emerson Tennent protested loudly against our very moderate remarks in a long letter addressed to this journal, which he subsequently published in *Fraser's Magazine*. He wound up by reminding the public of the difficulties of the question, and remarking that, in a matter of this sort, it was only by the patient collation of conflicting evidence, and the testing of theories by actual experiment, that we could hope to arrive at a just and abiding judgment. The justificatory tone of the passage seemed in keeping with the air and manner of the *Story of the Guns*—a work which may be said almost to have beamed with candour. Any one who read it through when it appeared might have said very properly that it was the work of a high-minded and impartial man, who was not interested in the victory of either side, but who desired only the very frankest truth. We do not say that Sir Emerson Tennent in so many words professed to be a judge rather than a literary advocate, or was quite aware of the neutral professions he was virtually making, for we do not wish even indirectly to impute to him a desire to deceive. His air, however—probably from long habit—was replete with virtuous impartiality, and with what Mr. Kingsley would call *haute courage*—while the following extract from his Preface certainly does not suggest the inference that he had taken up the history of the rival guns otherwise than as a pure matter of scientific interest:—

In addition to the inventors who are to produce the new artillery, and the naval and military service who are to use it, there is a *third party* interested in the investigation—the nation at large, who look to acquire an effective armament in return for the expenditure incurred. As one of the latter I inquired without success for any published statement calculated to give, in the order of time and occurrence, a consecutive memoir of what has taken place since the war in the Crimea in connexion with the improvement of rifled arms. Finding that none existed, I have compiled the present volume, &c.

In the concluding portion of Sir Emerson's *Fraser* article, he still wears the same unconscious garb of neutral and philosophical inquiry:—

There is nothing, as it seems to me, to prevent this conclusion being attained calmly, dispassionately, and respectfully; without the suspicion of unworthy motives or the imputation of acts irreconcilable with the dignity of literature, and incompatible with the self-respect of a gentleman.

Sir Emerson Tennent could hardly have chosen a better phrase to express what is due to the public from controversialists of his high position than he has done in the above extract. It is precisely the "dignity of literature" that should be the test and touchstone of an author's conduct. It is a pleasure to be able to recognise, in a writer who thinks he has reason to complain of our severity, the power of so justly and tersely and lucidly enunciating the principles of a literary code in which all moralists will agree. It would be a pity if one who, with Sir Plume, speaks so well, should ever speak in vain. The only doubt is whether, in practice, all of us understand the same thing by this "dignity of literature." And that we may illustrate the difference, we cannot do better than take Sir Emerson Tennent himself. What is his definition of literary dignity, and how far does he push the theory? The Preface to his *Story of the Guns*, in which the above passage occurs about "the nation at large," as "one of whom" he took up his parable, is dated in November, 1863. Few people probably at this moment are aware—indeed Sir Emerson has hitherto made no mention of the fact—that there lies in the Joint Stock Company's Register Office, in Fleet Street, a document dated *seven months earlier still*, from which the following is an extract:—

Memorandum and Articles of Association of Joseph Whitworth and Company, and the Manchester Ordnance and Rifle Company.

Article 3.—The Company's original capital shall be 300,000*l.*, divided into 300 shares of 1,000*l.* each.

We, the several persons whose names and addresses are subscribed, agree to take the number of shares in the capital of the Company set opposite to our respective names:—

Joseph Whitworth.

William Wilson Hulse.

&c. &c. &c.

J. Emerson Tennent, No. 66 Warwick Square, Pimlico. Five Shares. Dated March 17, 1863.

One question that immediately presents itself is whether the Sir J. Emerson Tennent, Secretary of the Board of Trade, who in November, 1863, published his *Story of the Guns*, is related to the J. Emerson Tennent who, in the previous March, had undertaken to hold 5,000*l.* worth of shares in Mr. Whitworth's Company. This is a curious question, but one that is not altogether incapable of solution, when we observe that the addresses coincide in both cases. The Secretary of the Board of Trade appears from the Red Book to adorn the same residence, and to enjoy the same initials, as the contingent shareholder of March, 1863. Although no list of shareholders has been subsequently registered by the Company, it is of course possible that in the period of nine months' gestation which elapsed between the subscription for the 5,000*l.*

shares and the publication of the *Story of the Guns*, Sir Emerson Tennent may have disposed of his interest in the Company, if he ever had any, and become again what we find him in his Preface, "one of the nation at large." It is a pity that such a transfer, if it has taken place, has not been followed up by public registration of the Company's shareholders. It is also very likely that Sir Emerson Tennent holds the five 1,000*l.* shares, if he does hold them, for the most disinterested and charitable purposes. Perhaps there is a distressed widow, or a howling maniac, or some dozen orphan families in the background to whom all the profit of the speculation is ultimately to go. However this may be, we return to the topic of "literary dignity." Did the public know, when they saw a gentleman of Sir Emerson's official and literary position writing a *Story of the Guns*, that some months back he had been engaged in investments in one of the rival ordnance companies? Did they know it during the controversy that was raging between him and Sir William Armstrong's friends, as to whether or not Sir Emerson had been systematically inaccurate in his quotations? Did the *Saturday Review* know it when Sir Emerson addressed his letter of self-exculpation to ourselves? It would be an insult to Sir Emerson to insinuate that he wilfully kept back the fact. But how was any one likely to know it, who had merely before his eyes the above Preface by Sir Emerson, and the elaborate volume that bore Sir Emerson's name? Would not, then, Sir Emerson have been more cautious if he had begun by avowing it? That is really the main doubt we feel; not so much as a matter of conscience, for that is too strong a term, but as a matter of what Sir Emerson calls "literary dignity." There may, of course, be two opinions upon the subject. But we do not despair of convincing Sir Emerson Tennent himself that he has been thoughtless by the following illustration. Among the list of subscribers to Mr. Whitworth's excellent Company appears, it is said, the name of Mr. Pender, M.P. Would Sir Emerson think Mr. Pender justified, if, from his place in Parliament, he were to deliver an oration in dispraise of the Armstrong gun, or in praise of the Whitworth, without letting his audience know that his own private interests were involved, or at all events that he was speaking as an advocate? We trow not. Neither is Mr. Pender likely to do so; nor, if he did so, would Sir Emerson Tennent approve of the proceeding. Yet would not this be a parallel case to that which occurs when a Government servant, whose literary prestige attracts an audience whenever he writes, in a moment of forgetfulness uses that literary prestige in favour of a system of ordnance in which he has, or at least has so recently undertaken, some pecuniary interest, either as a speculator or as a trustee? We are far from saying that Sir Emerson was consciously unfair, or was actuated by any but sincere convictions. On the contrary, he is doubtless quite sincere. Like St. Anthony, moreover, all the officers of the Board of Trade may be able to resist temptation, and the contiguity of 5,000*l.* worth of shares may make as little impression on their virtue as that of feminine beauty did upon the saint. But general rules are not made for saints so much as for the general public. There will always be sceptics who will exclaim with Othello, "Naked abed and not mean harm?"—and, for their sake and for his own peace of mind, Sir Emerson Tennent would have been better advised if he had stated in his Preface his previous or present pecuniary connexion with his friend's Company. Especially is this the case when the nature of some of the charges in the *Story of the Guns* is considered. We are only repeating the language which Sir Emerson has used of others, when we say "that it would be derogatory to the character of" Sir Emerson Tennent "to suppose it necessary, even for form's sake, to disclaim the remotest idea of imputing to him any unworthy feeling, much less any act emanating from it." But it is difficult to avoid thinking that the assailable of the late Lord Herbert's equity and of Sir William Armstrong's discretion himself turns out to have been in "a position of the utmost delicacy and difficulty, and one in which it was hardly possible for its occupant to be regarded as an indifferent witness, or to escape the suspicion of becoming an interested umpire." Before Sir Emerson publishes a second edition, we should advise him to fly from so untenable a position, or else to abstain from attacks on private and public personages, which in a Government servant are always remarkable, and which, by those who do not know him personally, might be made to recoil upon himself.

#### THE SHADOW OF COMING EVENTS.

THE present stagnation of party feeling, which some deplore and others relish, has never been made so strikingly visible as in the proceedings of last Monday at the time-honoured Colston festival. Bristol is famous from of old for political fractiousness, and people who are weary of the lukewarm, almost philosophical, conduct of modern electors fancied that there at least a stand-up fight, on old-fashioned principles, would be provided for the public gratification. Sir Morton Peto has a wide reputation, such as it is, and nobody can accuse him of taking up the notions of the doctrinaire politicians or thinkers who have done so much to bring disfavour on the Eatanswill pattern of election. As the member for one of the most objectionable of the London democracies, he might reasonably be expected to have acquired that rude force and jocularly which democratic constituencies are so fond of, and which are so useful in an electioneering canvass. Of course it takes two to make a good fight; but Mr. Fremantle is a young man, and philosophy is weaker than young blood,

so that one might suppose he could readily be brought up to the scratch after the stimulus of a few well-planted blows from his Radical opponent. There seems no chance, however, of any contest of the good old kind. Neither man will stick to his colours, and what colours each of them has are as unsatisfactory and unsubstantial as the painted vest which was won from a naked Pict. Sir Morton Peto works hard to show that he is rather partial than otherwise to the British aristocracy, which nobody can have any difficulty in believing of him or any other members of his school. The gusto with which he pities Lord Herbert for not "living to enjoy the earldom of Pembroke" is thoroughly Radical. Mr. Fremantle is just as eager to show how fond he is of the British working-man. Sir Morton Peto is good enough to say that he does not mean to pull down the Established Church; in fact, he had built a parish church on his own estate, out of his own pocket. Mr. Fremantle would be sorry to see a cathedral city represented by a Dissenter, but still he has a particular admiration and affection for all who conscientiously dissent from the national creed. It is a great pity he never thought of building a Ranters' chapel. There is perhaps time even now, and it would be a telling mark of generosity to give the contract to his adversary. After all, the antiquated dodges of kissing babies and shaking hands with working-men were much simpler.

The proceedings at Bristol are only worth noticing as furnishing a peculiarly exact representation of what most elections promise to be like. The two great parties are so evenly balanced in places where there is any chance of a contest, that every candidate will probably find it his interest to profess as great an agreement as possible with his opponent. The result will be decidedly distressing to the conscientious elector. If a candidate says he would like to see the Church separated from the State, or all indirect taxation abolished, or a 6l. franchise introduced, the side on which to vote would be obvious to the meanest capacity. But how is a man to go when, of two candidates for his vote, one declares that he is for Parliamentary Reform, but does not say what he wants, while the other professes an equal desire for Reform "in the proper manner and at the proper time," but gives no sign of his views on either manner or time? In foreign politics, one asserts that "England ought never to interfere except when her honour and the material interests of the country are concerned," and the other says what comes to exactly the same thing.

But it does not require any extraordinary penetration to see that this delightful unanimity of political purpose among men of all shades of nominal opinion is a great deal more apparent than real, and is in fact only assumed for the purpose of catching unwary folks. Even after discovering the practical discrepancy, the difficulty of deciding how to vote may remain in scarcely lessened force, but it is well to understand what a vote on either side really means. There could not be a better illustration than the promised contest at Bristol. Mr. Fremantle's alarm lest he should be mistaken for a Tory is only equalled by Sir Morton Peto's alarm at being suspected of what is familiarly called Low Radicalism. Yet, underneath all this not particularly laudable eagerness to shirk their respective creeds, it is easy to recognise the real difference between the Liberal Tory and the Conservative Radical, and to realize the important practical consequences that may ensue within the next ten years from the predominance of one or the other party in the House of Commons. In foreign politics, for example, each professes the fashionable doctrine of non-intervention which the vote on Mr. Disraeli's motion is supposed, rather prematurely, to have established as the fundamental principle of our relations with other countries. Yet even Sir Morton Peto qualifies it by a condition that the honour and material interests of the country shall be considered, and, in spite of any apparent adherence to the once abhorred peace-at-any-price, this condition will constantly make its appearance in all foreign questions. There are, in fact, scarcely any questions in which some section of writers and talkers does not profess to find the national honour or material interests more or less bound up. The difficulty will always be in determining when this is the case. A very large number of persons thought the national honour concerned in defending the Treaty of 1852, and going to war with Germany for it. It is easy to be wise after the event, but it may be questioned whether if, on the memorable Monday night after the break-up of the Conference, Lord Palmerston had gone to the House and made a war speech, the national blood would not have been roused and a strong war feeling got up. And though the Foreign Office is for the present virtually closed, and its indiscreet tenant deprived of pen and ink, this sort of crisis will recur again and again, and the question will have to be put whether, in a given case, a regard either to the maintenance of the national prestige or to the interests of the national commerce does or does not counsel a departure from the principle of political isolation. In any one instance, men of the stamp of Sir Morton Peto, and men of Mr. Fremantle's stamp, might no doubt come to the same conclusion. But it is impossible not to perceive that their respective tendencies naturally lead in different directions. The Conservative will be open to a number of impressions that to the money-making Radical are sheer chimeras. The traditional importance of England in European affairs, or the upholding of an abstract principle, is a very shadowy kind of good to a man who knows that it must involve the paralysing of his trade and the ruin of his investments. It is said that hordes of men who have amassed great wealth in

Australia are only waiting for the next general election to come over here and inundate the constituencies with themselves and their gold. The national feeling will have to undergo an extraordinary change before a House of Commons, largely leavened with such a class, could be entrusted with the decision of our foreign policy. If every colonial aspirant to a seat could be returned, everybody would at once discern the spirit in which our dealings with foreign Powers would be regulated. But the tendency of a whole class is only the direction of its individual members. The national honour means one thing on the lips of Mr. Bright, and something very different in the mouth of Lord Palmerston, when Lord Palmerston had his own way. And the non-intervention of Finsbury is not a whit less distinct from the non-intervention of young politicians like Mr. Fremantle. The use of the same term to signify two exceedingly different ideas is convenient for winning over the enemy's voters, but it is sometimes desirable to look rather at the opposition of meaning than at the identity of phrase.

In home politics, the contrary tendencies of the two schools are still more plainly to be detected. Each, it is true, avows a wish for Reform, and neither tells us what is wanted. Sir Stafford Northcote, who was Mr. Fremantle's backer, attempted to imitate the ponderous oracular style of his leader, and divided Reform into two kinds. His illustration was not very happy. The Constitution, he said, is like an old Elizabethan house; Conservative Reform consists in patching it up, Radical Reform in pulling it down and building a new house. This does not teach us much. Sir Stafford Northcote takes care not to give us any hint as to the details of the proposed patching up; and Sir Morton Peto, with equal discretion, furnishes no items of the projected pulling down. He does not want universal suffrage, but maintains that even that would not be dangerous in a country blessed with such a notably energetic and hardworking House of Lords. Still, Co-operative Stores have been wonderfully successful, and Sir Morton Peto has some 30,000 working-men in his employ, and finds them capital fellows; so we presume he would wish at least this army of navvies to be enfranchised. But on what principle he does not enlighten us. Mr. Fremantle is even more vague, and only says he will not have anything to do with Reform which amounts to revolution. Caesar and Pompey are wonderfully alike on the hustings, but everybody knows that anywhere else Mr. Fremantle and Sir Morton Peto entertain as different opinions as possible on the subject of Parliamentary Reform. And if Mr. Gladstone forces the question on, as it is very likely he will, they would almost to a certainty vote different ways. It is something worse than a joke that Conservatives should lend themselves, in consequence of electoral exigencies, to this dallying with the theories of their opponents, and conceal the true state of things behind specious and unpractical talk about destructive and constructive Reform, and patching up Elizabethan houses. Your "true and tried Reformer" is never taken in by this counterfeit article. It encourages him in his own ways, but it does not get his vote and interest. It is a comfort to find Mr. Fremantle really avow one difference between himself and his adversary. He will oppose the doctrines of the advocates of direct taxation. In Sir Morton Peto's book on Financial Reform, he seemed to sum up all possible improvements, first, in preventing the Post-Office from carrying anything but letters, and secondly, in imposing more of the national burden in the shape of income-tax. Mr. Fremantle does not notice the fearfully momentous question about the Post-Office and its parcels, but says, "he thinks that in the remission of direct and indirect taxes, the income-tax may be reduced as much as possible in time of peace, and remain as a mighty engine to strengthen the sinews in time of war." This may not seem a very important matter, any more than disapproval of manhood suffrage, or annual Parliaments, or any other change not likely to be brought forward, is important. But it is well not to forget the tenderness with which Mr. Gladstone replied to the impudent proposals of the Liverpool Finance Reform Association. And at a recent municipal meeting, it appears that Mr. Robertson Gladstone asserted his brother's entire sympathy with the changes desired by that body. The change of the present system of taxation, and the laying of the whole burden on the class with incomes, may all fit in with the rest of the great scheme for glorifying the working-man. "Thorough" will probably be as favourite a motto with the new champion of the Divine Right of Peoples as it was with the unlucky upholder of the Divine Right of Kings.

If we add to these points the question of Church-rates, which Mr. Fremantle would settle by a compromise, and Sir Morton Peto by nothing short of immediate and unconditional repeal, there appears to be a fair list of fundamental distinctions between one set of doctrines and the other. If the Radical school can once secure a leader of reputation and official experience within the walls of the House, the importance of these distinctions will perhaps become painfully clear. The differences between the best Conservatives and the best Liberals may be merely nominal, but the differences between both and the extreme party are fundamental. When the registers show nearly equal numbers on either side, a candidate's interest is to extenuate such differences as much as may be. But it is preposterous to talk as if everybody held the same political views, and as if the whole nation had reached that ideal pitch of harmony and unitedness—*idem sentire de republica*.



## REASONS FOR ELECTING A MAYOR.

IN Birmingham, the other day, the election of a Mayor showed that the chief magistracy of that town is still an object of ambition. There were two candidates, each commanding the support of exactly half the Town Council. In the debate on their comparative merits and demerits there was a very candid avowal of the reasons which induce Councils to elect Mayors. No doubt other Town Councils are influenced in much the same way; but while the homage that vice pays to virtue is popular elsewhere, Birmingham disdains it. Indeed, we do not suppose that, under any circumstances, it is a town where blushing is much in vogue; or probably the rosy flush is hidden beneath the local bronze. The two candidates for the Mayoralty—a Mr. Wiggins and a Mr. Goodrick—plastered to their faces with the praises of their friends, had need of all their best blushes; for, marvellous to say, in a hard, dry manufacturing town, and in the midst of a Corporation redolent of Radicalism and the public-house—the election turned, to some extent, on the question of personal beauty. "Most people who read the debate," says the local *Gazette*, "will be of opinion that the personal appearance of the candidates was an element of considerable weight in the election." Good heavens! what a startling corruption of the purity of a reformed Corporation! And what tender and susceptible hearts must beat beneath the waistcoats of brassfounders and button-makers! The Conscript Fathers of the town (it is a chaste and appropriate phrase) assemble to elect a chief magistrate, and their stern faces melt at the sight of Beauty—not female beauty, long licensed to kill, but masculine charms which even the unbecoming shirt-front, frock-coat, and continuations of the period cannot conceal. Why did not the friends of the "plain" candidate apply for a *mandamus* to compel the adoption of the old device—the candidates to plead behind a curtain that would conceal the too fascinating beauty of the one and the unfortunate ugliness of the other? In default of this, we have to record that personal beauty carried the day—the retiring Mayor playing Paris, and, with his casting vote, giving the prize "to the most beautiful." The "plain" candidate had the claims of long services, excellent character, great private worth, scientific study, literary knowledge; but the other, according to the assertions of his friends and the admissions even of his foes, is a rosy Bacchus, an outward and visible sign of entertainment within. He has, it seems, a face that, painted on a village sign, would be as significant of hospitality as a bunch of grapes—"a combination and a form indeed" where the jolliest of all the old gods has

set his seal  
To give the world assurance of a man

likely to give good dinners. "A great part of the speeches of Mr. Wiggins's friends," says the local paper already quoted, "was nothing more than a variation on the words of *Cæsar* :—

Let me have men about me that are fat.

Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look.

And these war-cries told—Falstaff won.

Thus Birmingham, it is clear, would have preferred Mr. Banting, before his decline and fall in flesh, to the once-great undertaker "taken in"; and Mr. Wiggins clearly owes his victory to his not having adopted the popular mania for getting thin. It must be mortifying to his rival to consider that, had he some months ago taken some additional lumps of sugar in his tea, he might have filled up those angularities that told against him, rounded off any awkward corners in his corporation, and, so to speak, have fully qualified himself for the place. As it was, his friends had hard work; they looked at his rival, and they could not deny the fat. "Even Mr. Holland," says the local paper, "could not but look pleased as he glanced at Mr. Wiggins's jovial countenance." Like the rowing crew in the *Æneid*, the popular candidate "looked like winning, and therefore won." All is fair, we suppose, in love and war and municipal elections, but we think that Mr. Wiggins might have kept himself in the background for the day. "It is excellent to have a giant's strength, but," &c. It is a great thing to be a Birmingham Bacchus, but why ostentatiously display the perfection of manly grace? For we may be sure that the provincial Adonis made the most of his natural gifts. We cannot doubt that, like Miss Hardcastle when she heard that her lover was coming, he eagerly asked, as he rose that morning, whether it was "one of his good-looking days." It may be safely assumed that he wore his "best bib and tucker," and relied on the local Poole for a garment of the latest Midland Counties cut. We infer this unrelenting, though unrecorded, use of all his advantages from various hints in the debate. That he lives in a good house, can afford to give good dinners, and has the best pair of carriage-horses in the town, were also pressed into the discussion. This is a novel kind of *erigeance*. In the olden time, if a man paid rates for twenty years, was too stupid to make a joke, and too dull to be impatient at the littleness of local life, he was a "respected fellow-townsmen"; but now he must be rich and jovial, "bonny and buxom on the Bench and at board" (to slightly alter the old Marriage Service), must have a good house, and keep a fine pair of carriage-horses. Next year Birmingham will probably ascend from dinners to devotions, from carriage-horses to family affairs, and will elect some local Jones because he goes twice a day to church, or because his wife has recently presented him with twins. The carriage-horse argument has force, but, if the Birmingham Councillors ever heard of Caligula, it might be more fittingly used in nominating the "noble animal"

than in promoting the man who bought it. Indeed, an old and respected Houhynym elected as Mayor would nobly exemplify toleration extended to all, without distinction of race, colour, or species. The great defect we note in the whole of these Birmingham proceedings is the vague and irregular way in which qualifications in themselves wonderfully appropriate were set forth and appraised. But this is perhaps incidental to the beginning of a new system. As time goes on, personal beauty, good dinners, handsome houses, breadth of beam, rosy complexion, carriage-horses, will be regularly recognised as the proper elements of mayoral fitness, and qualified judges will be appointed. A tribunal of tender virgins will review the rival Adonises; a jury of matrons will judge girth, and certify as to fat; while the Councillors themselves will dine in turn with the rival candidates. Instead of such systematic appraisal, the Birmingham Council went too much by assertion and outward show. "Why!" said one of Mr. Wiggins's supporters, "his very appearance is hospitable;" as if a hungry Corporation could dine off a smile or break their fast on a broad grin!

We rejoice to see, however, that one of the Town Councillors was above carnal thoughts. Disclaiming the dinner question, he indirectly suggested that the proper way to choose a Mayor was to examine the candidates in the financial accounts—a suggestion that suits this Age of Competitive Examination. This financial Councillor, a Mr. Brinsley, told a tale of the past:—

"When the Council was voting 20,000*l.* for Aston Park, I said to Mr. Wiggins, 'You seem to vote this money away very freely; do you know what the debt of the town is?' 'Do you think I can't tell you?' said he. 'Well, come, what is it?' said I. 'The local debt,' said he, 'is 200,000*l.*' At that time it was 630,000*l.*'

Appalling ignorance! What is worse, another Councillor asserted that not even Mr. Brinsley knew, for the debt was really 597,000*l.* A third speaker said that he heard Mr. Wiggins's guess, and that he was within 200,000*l.* of the true sum—not 430,000*l.* off the mark, as Mr. Brinsley said. The real truth probably is, that the debt of the town is an awful mystery which no one knows—like the text of Merlin's book:—

And none can read the text, not even I,  
And none can read the comment save myself.

No one knows the exact amount of the debt, not even Mr. Brinsley, and none can guess it within 200,000*l.*, except himself. But then, if the Town Councillors are ignorant of such trivialities, how well they know where they are likely to get good dinners!

One point is of special importance for outsiders. The main reason why Birmingham wants an excessively hospitable Mayor next year is to entertain the British Association. Here is an opening for men about town. Let us all pay our guineas next year, and join the scientific rovers. We shall be received by a Mayor whose "platform" is the dinner-table, who is bound by his principles to entertain strangers, and who must exceed in hospitality all that his rival could possibly have done. We shall feast our eyes on the personal beauty that won the hearts of a Town Council chiefly composed, we presume, of dealers in hardware, and, if very civil, we may be whisked about by the incomparable carriage-horses. One reflection, however, is forced on us. All this would have been natural enough in the good old times of old Tory Corporations, but is this kind of thing the fitting outcome of Municipal Reform—a Radical Corporation of a very Radical town electing a Mayor for good old Tory reasons? They disregard the proofs that he is ignorant of finance; they despise the assertion that his opponent is a Liberal, and has "worked for the Liberal cause"; they make no account of nineteen years' service as opposed to three. They simply take note that, as his friends sadly admitted, "Goodrick gave no dinners"; and, as Caleb Plummer came as near nature as he could for sixpence, they come as near as Birmingham can to electing "a gentleman." One of the old "rotten" Corporations would, no doubt, have done the same thing for the same reasons; but at any rate they would have had the grace not to avow their motives. The old Adam would have had the modicum of modesty signified by the fig-leaf of tradition; modern "progress" evidently means the old sins without the old shame.

It strikes us that it would be rather bad for the majority of the male half of the human race if this consideration of personal beauty, so influential at Birmingham, were pushed into many more of the competitions of the world. It already tells heavily in love, and marriage, and the selection of barnmaids. Yesterday it elevated a Spanish lady to the throne of an Empress; to-day it gives Birmingham a Mayor. As the Frenchman said, when he heard that his wife had given birth to twins, "We must put a stop to this." We—the majority of us—are plain men. We cannot all be fat. Suppose the precedent pushed to the hustings; "Jones and Personal Beauty" would be a terrific "cry." There would be a run on handsome candidates; curled darlings would carry all before them; a straight nose would excite Toryism, and not even secret voting would save an ugly man. We should certainly lose nearly all the present House; for as, by some odd destiny, all strong-minded women are plain, so, by some destiny not quite so obscure, nearly all eminent statesmen are ugly men. But, instead of forecasting the effects of this new system on politics, why not look at its actual results? Is not Lord Palmerston an illustration of at least half the Brummagem principle? Is he not a kind of national Wiggins—wanting perhaps the alleged personal beauty of the provincial Palmerston, but equally remarkable for joviality? Is he not kept in office, not because he is supremely wise, learned, or dignified, but because he is "genial"? Have not Mr. Bright

and Mr. Disraeli denounced him for corrupting the Senate and the Press by a profligate distribution of ices in gilded saloons? Is not this Wiggism on a grand scale? and doesn't the nation seem to like it?

#### MURDER.

SOME time ago the less philosophical part of mankind was startled by the announcement of the awful fact that every year the same number, or nearly the same number, of letters were put into the Post-office without addresses. By a peculiar logical process, it was inferred that, somehow or other, this statement sapped the foundations of all religious faith. If nine hundred and ninety-nine letters had been sent unaddressed, when there ought to have been a thousand, some mysterious agency would, it was thought, select one man more to complete the list, and force him to post an undirected letter whether he would or not. Mankind must be a dead machine, worked like a steam-engine or an electric battery, except that the working power was unknown, and men's pretence of acting in obedience to their own wills a mere empty show. If this was an uncomfortable supposition in reference to such a process as directing letters, it seemed to become still more awful when applied to murders. For every million of its population the country had to supply so many murderers, and, if the tale was not full, the next lot might fall upon some innocent and unwilling victim. Any one of us might be detailed to this unpleasant duty, and might have to cut the throat of the next respectable gentleman we met with a purse in his pocket. We need not point out the absurdity of this supposed conclusion. The Positive philosopher would reject it as much as the most orthodox Christian. The accurate statement is really a very harmless one, and reconcilable with every shade of doctrine. There are probably about the same number of murderers in the world whilst the morality and social condition of the world remains about the same, and they get about the same number of chances for satisfying their amiable propensity. But the statement, whether harmless or not, is approximately true only when applied to an average taken over an extensive area, and for a considerable period. There are small parishes that have never been illustrated by anything like a crime of the first order. There are others that have obtained a certain half-pleasing celebrity. A halo of criminal fame encircles their names in the literature of the Newgate Calendar. In the same way, certain epochs are fruitful in homicide. One month produces a richer harvest than its predecessor, though a year generally shows less striking deviations from the average. This is, of course, a well-known phenomenon. There every now and then comes a run on the red, though, in the whole season, red and black turn up about equally. In the case of murders, such runs will be sometimes only apparent. It is a suspicious circumstance that the periods showing a maximum of murderous notoriety generally coincide with the minimum of Parliamentary intelligence. The first rule for a murderer anxious to obtain celebrity (though it can scarcely be considered as a fair point in the game) is to do his work at the dead time of the year, when monstrous potatoes are his only provincial rivals. The apparent occurrence of sudden outbursts of ferocity may be perhaps better explained on another well-known principle. An able surgeon once informed us that there was often a run on a particular class of accident. If, for example, a man was brought to the hospital with an unusual injury to his great toe, it frequently happened, according to him, that several other men would be brought in soon afterwards with precisely similar injuries to their great toes. The sort of mental illusion by which this apparent law was determined is obvious enough. According to all the rules of chance, coincidences between rare events must sometimes occur. When they do not occur, no remark is made. When they do, we instinctively attribute them to some common cause. If one man with a curiously maimed great toe had been introduced, our surgical friend would have thought nothing more about it. But when two similarly maimed great toes appeared simultaneously, it looked just like, though it could not really have been, a case of design. It seemed as if there was a dead set against great toes in the affairs of the universe at large. And thus purely accidental coincidences, such as we have every reason to anticipate antecedently, are transformed by a natural process into proofs of some impenetrably deep design. To apply this to the case of murder—it is pleasanter to believe that the simultaneous occurrence of a number of murders is due to a fortuitous hitting upon the same idea than that it implies a mysterious sympathy exciting the destructive bumps of various criminals dispersed from Berlin to the Plaistow marshes. We must otherwise assume that there exists just now a high tide in the sea of crime which is confined beneath the ordinary crust of society, and that it is bursting out wherever a favourable opening exists, just as the lava is simultaneously ejected from Hecla and Vesuvius.

Whatever the philosophical explanation may be, we have certainly had more than the usual allowance of murder lately. The excitement produced by Müller has, we may hope, come to an end with his confession. But there are other materials for filling the Sunday papers. We noticed last week a case of the highest art in Switzerland. In Berlin, a professor has been knocked on the head in some infamous haunt. In Boulogne, two wretched children have been drowned. Nearer home, a commonplace murder has reached a certain celebrity by the decapitation of the unlucky victim. A poor old woman has been killed at Sunninghill: and other cases of more or less brutality continue to rise to ephemeral

notoriety. To draw any general conclusion as to the morality of the epoch would, of course, be absurd. The murders, indeed, though they happen to have coincided in the time of becoming public, have been committed at some interval. It might otherwise be supposed that one murder was suggested by another. The imagination of a criminal in one country might be inflamed by hearing of crime in another. He might have been struggling with circumstances, when the mere announcement of the measures taken by a similar character elsewhere came to him like a sudden revelation. It had never occurred to him that he might as well cut off the head of the man to whom he had a dislike, until he read that some one else had drowned some children who were in his way. But even if dates were not inconsistent with this hypothesis, the character of murderers generally, as revealed by the circumstances of these different cases, would be opposed to it. Nothing seems to be more common to the different artists in this line than a certain unimaginative stupidity. The dull brutality of mind which makes murdering a congenial occupation seems to show itself in the helpless clumsiness of the tragedies as actually performed in real life. In novels, when a murder occurs, it is generally of the amateur class; there is not that exhibition of a brutal professional spirit which is so disgusting in the genuine article. When Paul Ferroll kills his wife, he does it because he has an exquisitely sensitive mind, which has been stung past bearing by the annoyances of his life. Some such sentiment may have actuated the murderers—if they were murderers—of the wretched man Trümper at Berne. But this fact removed it quite out of the ordinary class of crime. It was one of those rare instances that occasionally happen in order to justify the novelist. The ordinary murderer is distinguished for nothing more than his intense stupidity. He is as unlike the poetical assassin as the miserable thief and the commonplace policeman of the streets are unlike the terrible ruffian and the incredibly sharp detective of one of Dickens' novels, or as unlike as the life-like Jean Valjean of Victor Hugo's great novel to the poetical philanthropist into whom he is summarily developed. To knock a man down in a ditch is a straightforward action; to suppose that you will really conceal the crime by hacking off his head with a blunt knife and burying it in a field close by, shows a stupid want of invention nearly equal to that of the fabulous ostrich. It makes the action apparently more horrible, and calls forth a certain interest from the students of the lowest class of periodical literature; but all that it really indicates is the insensibility naturally associated with blundering stupidity. The brute who drowned his two illegitimate children in the harbour at Boulogne and then went home to his wife, left a child's cap about the house, and then borrowed five francs to go to the first place where he would be sought after, displayed no more intellect than a butcher does in slaughtering pigs.

This accounts for the remarks so familiar in commonplace reflections on the subject, that murder will out, and that a mysterious Nemesis drives the criminal to leave ineffaceable traces of his crime. As a matter of fact, we believe that murder escapes detection as frequently as other crimes perpetrated by stupid and uninventive minds. If it does not, the frequency of detection is due to the fact that it implies more than the average absence of intellect. Nothing would be easier than to commit a murder which should be absolutely incapable of detection, if you could only secure certain conditions. We are all of us in the habit of constantly trusting our lives to the discretion of our friends. We need not incur the responsibility of pointing out to any man in search of a thrilling excitement, regardless of morality, the safest means of gratifying his passion; but there are obvious cases where, if you merely wished to kill, without caring whom you killed, you could do it with a tolerable amount of security. When you were alone with a friend in a dangerous place, a slight exertion of ingenuity might leave it an open question whether he has had an accident, or committed suicide, or been murdered by you. We all know the story of the man in the lighthouse whose only companion died, and who had to preserve the body to show that the death was caused by illness. If he had preferred to throw it into the sea, no one could have said anything except on the authority of the survivor. Now, as a general rule, it is difficult to get a man to spend a solitary vacation with you in a lighthouse. But, in default of this, you might easily contrive to get him into deep water, or over a precipice, or to shoot him through the head in such a way that no positive proof could be brought to discriminate between accident and design. The difficulty comes in when you wish, not to commit murder in general, but to murder a specified individual. The motive is generally sufficient to attract suspicion and to set people on the watch for evidence. But it is clear that cases must occur where chance gives you the advantage by putting the right man in the right place, and a man of genius might seize the opportunity so that no skill could lead to his detection. Hence it appears, as indeed is evident from consideration of particular cases, that the way in which guilt (to use the regular phrase) dogs the footsteps of the criminal, and brings evidence to bear upon him, is a proof that the criminal has been grossly stupid; and in most cases it seems to be stupidity not induced by agitation, but innate and permanent. If Müller had shown a little more ingenuity, the most damning pieces of evidence could never have been brought against him. Considering the amount of faith which some people have displayed in his innocence, a little more care would undoubtedly have enabled him to save his neck. The Boulogne murderer seems not to have made the commonest attempts at concealment. He did not actually take his children and drown them in sight of the



passengers on board the steamer. He made just enough show of doing things quietly to conform to public opinion, and to make it apparent that he did not wish to be hanged. But if he had wished to secure that consummation, he could scarcely have set about it more effectually.

In an æsthetic point of view, this fact deprives most of what are known as celebrated murders of all interest, except the interest inseparable from a story of blood and bones. They are mere rough daubs on the canvas, instead of finished pictures. They fail entirely in displaying even those energies of human passion which they might be expected to do; all that we learn from them is the absence even of the redeeming quality of picturesqueness in the criminal of real life. It may be interpreted as a satisfactory proof that this particular class of crime has sunk in the social scale—that, like gross drunkenness, it is no longer practised to any considerable extent by men who could give it an external air of grace; or we might draw the less satisfactory inference that murderers of a more refined class have now become too cunning to be found out. Under any circumstances, we must feel that the cases which do become public are singularly uninteresting, except as revealing the morbid anatomy of a certain low order of human being.

#### THE NEW PHASE OF LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.

AFTER the excitement of the stupendous effort made two winters ago, it is not surprising that an apparent reaction should have taken place in public feeling, and that people should have viewed the recent returns of pauperism in Lancashire with diminished solicitude. It was well understood, in the summer of last year, that the crisis had been safely and successfully passed. The sufferers had displayed an admirable temper, and allowed assistance to be rendered them without a spark of that ill-conditioned awkwardness with which the recipients of a sympathy that they are conscious of deserving too frequently impede the plans of their benefactors. The nation at large brought help with an unparalleled munificence that confounded those persons, both at home and abroad, who most systematically disparage English public spirit. Not a single loom was destroyed on the one hand, nor a single life lost on the other. There was no rioting—for the Staleybridge affair was as accidental and unimportant as the recent disaster at Turin—and there was no starving. Then the Public Works Act was passed, giving the public bodies of the various distressed towns exceptional borrowing powers, and at the same time getting some good out of things evil by making the relief of distress a means of permanent benefit to the relieved. The breaking up of a skilful and ingenious population was entirely avoided, and, when a partial rally took place in the cotton trade, it was found that the peculiar deftness of touch requisite in the processes of spinning and weaving had not been seriously impaired by the rough employment of getting stone and throwing clay out of holes. Owing to this partial rally, and to the public works, the number of persons relieved—which in January last year had nearly reached the enormous total of half a million—had by August of the present year fallen to little more than ninety thousand. Lancashire seemed to be fast recovering her former prosperity, and the world lost interest in her in proportion.

But the wiser men in Lancashire were well aware that behind this peculiarly satisfactory aspect of affairs was hidden a very serious source of danger. The crisis of the operatives was, at least for the time, over, but the crisis of the employers was yet to come, and the means which helped in some measure to mitigate the former were symptoms of the acceleration of the latter. The operatives were least burdensome in August, and by the second or third week in September last the manufacturers and merchants found themselves in the midst of a commercial panic. The crisis of which this was the beginning has turned out to be the very severest in the history of Lancashire. The fall in the price of cotton was greater than on any former occasion. Of course cotton has fallen to a lower figure before now, but then, owing to the unprecedented height to which it had risen since the American war, the revulsion has been unprecedentedly violent. The cause of the sudden fall is variously explained. Some attribute it solely to the rise in the rate of discount, others solely to premature predictions of the approaching termination of the war; while others are content with the simple but uncommonly mysterious explanation that the fall is natural. But, be the cause what it may, the effect was painfully visible. Confidence was utterly destroyed, business was at a standstill, and the weaker men all collapsed. This is partially true even of the state of affairs at the present moment, although prices have somewhat recovered, and the luckier members of the community feel all the stronger after the weeding out which has taken place. There has been nothing abnormal or unexpected in the crash. Onlookers for months back have discerned all the usual symptoms of the approach of a crisis. Speculation running riot combined, with other circumstances, to produce tremendous prices. The recoil was sure to come, and in this instance it was due perhaps both to the contraction of credit and to the apprehensions of peace in America.

It is a peculiarity of the cotton-trade that there are always engaged in it large numbers of small men, with little or no capital, who can only keep their heads above water when profits are both considerable and immediate. These manufacturers only exist by the sheer accident of an old customary arrangement which permits

them to receive the price of their manufactured goods before they have to pay for the material of the manufacture. The slightest sudden derangement of the market instantly overthrows them. On the whole, probably, the custom which creates this class conduces to the prosperity of the trade, and the consequent welfare of the district. A creditor—and the amount for which a man whom nobody knows anything about may obtain credit in Lancashire is scarcely to be believed—when he has just received a note from the accountant to inform him of a failure, very naturally denounces the whole set of arrangements and customs as inexplicably mischievous, and clamours for a change which shall make the possession of capital an essential for beginning business. Still it ought to be remembered that a very large proportion of the strongest firms in all the Lancashire towns have begun on the very principle which they afterwards discover to be so thoroughly unsound. A man may begin with nothing, and in the course of four or five years—by thrift, industry, and uninterruptedly good times—may have acquired strength enough to tide over a crisis when it comes. Meanwhile, he has been creating capital, employing labour, and in every way advancing the economical interests of the district. In their condemnation of a system which gives such facilities to enterprise, if it also gives facilities to rashness or knavery, the sound firms should perhaps think of their own antecedents, and remember that there are two aspects of the matter.

At present, however, one sees the disadvantages of the system in rather a strong light. The recent failures—of which a very decided majority belong to the class of small manufacturers—together with private arrangements that from this point of view are tantamount to failures, are calculated to have thrown more than 13,000 operatives out of work. But this is only a small item, when we find that the total of persons relieved last month was nearly eleven times that number. There are many symptoms that the worst of the commercial crisis is over; but according to the monthly Report of the Central Relief Fund, even making proper allowance for the probable recovery of trade, there is every reason to anticipate a large increase of the distress. Under the most favourable circumstances, some considerable time must elapse before the public effects of the recent grave disturbance can cease to be deeply felt, and even then there will remain a huge quantity of helpless indigence that will only disappear with the termination of the American war. The feeling with which this doleful intelligence has been received of renewed misery, and of the necessity for renewed efforts to alleviate it, shows that the practical vigour and benevolence of the winter of 1862-3 are far from being exhausted. The local committees are all recommending their operations, though with rather scanty funds to fall back upon. The Committee at the Mansion House, which alone has distributed upwards of half a million since March 1862, is going to hold fortnightly meetings. The Central Executive Committee at Manchester is resuming its business with heightened vigilance, and it is to this body, no doubt, that we must look for the most authentic intelligence of the demand which may, in the course of a few weeks, be again made on the national benevolence and public spirit.

The most prominent object of attention is the operation of the Public Works Act, which, at the time of its introduction, was looked upon by the over-sanguine as a final remedy for all the indigence that might arise in Lancashire for a generation to come. Nobody, except Mr. Ferrand, seriously found any fault with the principle on which it was based; though, judging from various observations on the Act that have been made in the press and elsewhere, that principle could not have been very perfectly understood. People talked then, as they do now, as if the whole sum set apart by the Act—something like a couple of millions—were distinctly intended to support the unemployed operatives, and to do nothing else. The employment and sustenance of the operatives were doubtless the prime object, and, in any other case, the Lancashire towns would properly have been left to their ordinary resources for those works of utility and sanitary improvement in which the Act directed that the money should be spent. But the execution of the works themselves is still a most essential part of the intention of the Act. In this case, the means are also in the nature of an end. The distressed were to be employed, but the towns were also to be substantially improved. Parliament never designed to empower local bodies to relieve their poor out of this fund, with the imposition of a labour test little more than nominal. Now, when the public interest in the condition of Lancashire is reviving, inquiries have been instituted as to the number of factory operatives employed in the various works commenced under the Act; and it appears, from the Government Engineer's report to the Poor Law Board, that "the local authorities have in their selection of works thought as much of sanitary improvements as of the amount of employment which would be afforded to indigent factory operatives." This is precisely what Parliament meant them to do. Nothing could have been more absurd than to suppose that the whole sum set apart was to find its way directly into the hands of the weavers. How many public works of the least permanent value could have been constructed solely by men uncommonly skilful in fingering light cotton threads in a pleasantly warm atmosphere, but a great deal less apt for digging and delving out in the cold? To have even attempted to restrict the works to such operations as spinners and weavers could manage would have been promptly to reduce the whole matter to a mere pretence. To do anything but the very rudest sort of work without any expenditure, first on materials, and then on skilled labour, is an obvious impossibility. The question is one of proportion, and from

Mr. Rawlinson's report the proportion of outlay on skilled labour to that on the labour of the factory operatives does not appear to have been at all excessive. On an average, taken roughly, between 65 and 70 per cent. of the money expended has been paid directly as wages to factory operatives. In one or two instances, possibly, works have been undertaken which scarcely furnish a fair share of employment to the operatives. Of these Manchester, which borrows 155,000*l.* and only gives employment to ninety-eight factory workpeople, is the most conspicuous. But in far the greater majority of the towns, the works are such as fairly come within the purpose of the Act, and have given as much employment to the class it was particularly designed to benefit as is consistent with such works being anything better than make-believe. Whatever remains to be done must come from local and general subscriptions, of which happily there is no ground for apprehending any stint.

#### THE PLEASURES OF VICEROYALTY.

THE simplicity of our forefathers invented the proverb "as happy as a King." If, to use a figure of speech appropriate to the occasion, our forefathers had lived in our days, they would have said, "as happy as a Lord-Lieutenant." The happiness bestowed by an office varies, or is popularly assumed to vary, directly as the quantity of adulation that comes in by way of perquisite, and inversely as the quantity of work to be done. Now, judging by this criterion, the Lord-Lieutenancy very nearly approaches to ideal perfection; it should be the statesman's *summum bonum*. The Lord-Lieutenant has nothing to do, and receives thousands a year for doing it; and he gets into the bargain all that Irishmen can give in the way of hyperbolic flattery. It is true that the flattery is balanced occasionally by those delicate animadversions upon the holders of office the administration of which sometimes relaxes the severe self-restraint of Irish faction. But the abuse is not of more intrinsic force than the adulation; and a statesman who cannot keep one eye open and the other shut, who out of this nettle abuse cannot pluck the flower flattery, has not yet learnt his trade. The Lord-Lieutenant certainly should acquire this art, for it is the only one he is likely to find useful. Constitutional kings, we are told, do not govern; they only reign. The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland neither reigns nor governs; he only receives deputations. It is true that he gives dinners, and that he dispenses a certain amount of jobbery; but we look upon these as coming under the head of the pleasures of office. The real business is to go through the dumbshow of Royalty, by allowing select parties of Irishmen to harangue you, and saying nothing in return, with all due solemnity.

So, at least, we infer by a hasty induction from the proceedings on the inauguration of Lord Wodehouse. No one has seriously shown, to the satisfaction of any class except Dublin tradesmen, that a Lord-Lieutenant really does anything that could not be done just as well without him. If the office were abolished to-morrow, the Empire would hardly feel the shock of any terrible dislocation. But this opinion has not discouraged the delivery of a whole series of political lectures in the form of loyal addresses. The list of startling results anticipated as probable or as possible from his arrival must have convinced Lord Wodehouse of one of two things—either that Irish political philosophers (for we observe that the *Freeman* benevolently describes one of these addresses as a "philosophic" document) are the most sanguine set of philosophers under the sun, or that the loyalty of Irishmen sometimes communicates a delicate tinge of exaggeration to their words, which perhaps induces them at times to say a trifle more than they think. Lord Wodehouse, according to these addresses, arrives at a moment of extraordinary interest. Ireland always is, we regret to say, at a moment of extraordinary interest. A short career of prosperity has been interrupted by bad harvests, and, in the opinion of the addressers, which we sincerely hope to be the correct opinion, has been already resumed. Agriculture, commerce, and manufactures are all beginning to revive. Nothing can be better. But the inference drawn is singularly unfortunate. It is that agriculture, commerce, and manufactures are specially in need of a Lord-Lieutenant to help them to revive fully. In order to bring about this consummation, his Excellency has a few trifling preliminary operations to carry out. Amongst other things, he has to silence the whisperings of sedition and the clamour of faction (a task the effectual performance of which may not improbably give some trouble); he has to attract the willing homage of every class of the community to the unqualified supremacy of the law; he has to promote among the people a love of the arts of peace and civilization; he has to bind the interests and affections of Ireland to the glorious empire of which she is a part "by an equal distribution" (we admire the delicacy of the suggestion) "of the favours as well as the burdens of the State." It is too trifling to add that he is to start the fine arts on a new career of prosperity. If his Excellency manages to secure any respectable part of this moderate programme, the only question will be whether he should immediately be made Prime Minister of England, or Governor-General of India, or be sent out to reconcile the conflicting interests of Jeff. Davis and Abe Lincoln. It is, of course, not to be taken too seriously, but as a full-flavoured specimen of that irrepressible tendency to fine writing which animates our Irish fellow-subjects, and which they seem to have communicated to their descendants beyond the Atlantic. But it is unfortunate that such language should be admissible, especially

from the Chamber of Commerce of a first-rate town. It is a bad symptom, so far as it goes, that a set of respectable merchants should be thrown off their balance by the mere apparition of an official luminary—that they should, as it were, be so intoxicated by the presence of a Lord-Lieutenant as, with one accord, to burst into such incoherent rhetoric. For by what strange magic do they expect these mysterious effects to follow? We know that people are very apt to attribute extravagant results to political changes. When a country suddenly chooses to call itself a constitutional monarchy or an empire, after being something else, we know it is only according to established rules to assume that human nature will be changed within its borders—that its merchants will become enterprising, its peasants industrious, and that it will instantly pay its debts, and purge, and live cleanly like a gentleman. All this we don't care to dispute. But how the mere change of a magistrate, in an office which has no particular attributes of any kind, is to work miracles in civilization, and industry, and the fine arts, is quite beyond our comprehension. If Lord Wodehouse were to say, after Louis XVIII., "Don't disturb yourselves, it is only one Briton more in the country," he would perpetrate, not an epigram, but a platitude; he would be uttering a truth of which the only fault would be that it was too obvious. Why, then, should a number of sensible middle-aged Irishmen gravely attribute to his arrival the possible bringing about of results which it would require a man working for years, with the wisdom of Solon and the power of Peter the Great, to effect? What relation is there between the work to be done and the tools that a Lord-Lieutenant has to do it with? The Lord-Lieutenant has "to foster sound and enlightened public opinion." This means, we suppose, being interpreted, that he is to give dinners to editors of Government papers. He is to patronize science and literature—that is, he is to attend a few public meetings, give away prizes, and make speeches about the blessings of reading and writing. He is to administer the law firmly, impartially, and with dignity. In other words, he is to abstain from bullying magistrates or judges, for it is hard to see what he can do in the way of active interference with the law that will not be a prejudicial interference. He is, as we have seen, to distribute favours equally. Such favours as he can distribute would not, we suspect, entirely upset the balance of society even if they were all put into one scale. He is to patronize the Royal Hibernian Academy and the fine arts—we suppose by buying pictures from Irish artists; and, if Irish artists have good pictures to sell, we imagine that this is perfectly safe and sound advice so far as it goes. We have no doubt that Lord Wodehouse will carry out that part of these admonitions which he can honourably carry out in a manner creditable in every way to himself. But if he does all that is to be done, it will not regenerate Ireland. The pale shadow of Royalty will not infuse energy and warmth into the soul of a nation. A mere deaf and dumb idol cannot work miracles. A wooden automaton, though guided by the ablest hands, will only be, after all, a thing to support a certain quantity of fine clothes, and to distribute a certain quantity of good things more or less at random.

It may be said that all this is merely child's-play, and that if it amuses the people of Dublin it does not hurt us. But the kind of talk which it encourages certainly does hurt them, and us too. It tends to postpone the consummation which every sensible man desires to see—the thorough consolidation of the Empire, the destruction of that theory of mere federal union the continued vitality of which seems to be implied in the last Irish grievance about the National Debt. The causes of the distress and misery of Ireland are too large a subject for casual notice; and they are only worth discussing for historical purposes, or to derive a lesson from the past for the future. They doubtless imply faults on both sides. English misgovernment has undeniably been shameful in former days. Irish failings, whether due to faults inherent in the race or implanted by the misuse of others, have contributed their share to the result. What we have got to do now is, not to keep alive memories which can cause nothing but useless irritation; our object should be to sink, as far as it is possible to sink it, every distinction that still separates the people. If it should appear that any particular taxes retard the prosperity of Ireland more than they necessarily retard the prosperity of every part of the Empire, we should gladly accept any practical means of adjusting the burden better. But it can lead to no good results to try to adjust them in accordance with some theoretical federal compact. If an understanding as to the share of taxes and contracts had been arrived at between Mercia and Wexsar after the extinction of the Heptarchy, we should be considerably hampered by endeavouring to keep the accounts straight now. We hope to see Great Britain and Ireland begin to approximate to a similar effectual annihilation of all competing interests. This is one reason for objecting to the continual reproduction of the ridiculous farce of a Lord-Lieutenancy, and for objecting to the flood of nonsensical talk that still seeks to invest it with importance. Its existence tends to deepen and widen a chasm which it is the duty of patriotic statesmen to fill up as fast as they can. There is a further reason which is equally conclusive. The great lesson which Irishmen have to learn is the lesson of self-dependence. Now that every right has been conceded to them which Englishmen themselves possess, it is highly desirable that the Irish people should learn that there are other causes of national prosperity or adversity than a Lord-Lieutenant or a grievance. No worse habit can be encouraged than that of calling for help upon everything in heaven or earth except



their own industry and energy. When there is distress in an English county, it does not kneel down and beg Providence to send it a new Lord-Lieutenant; happily, if it did, there would be little chance of the prayer being granted. But when educated Irishmen continue to affect a belief, which they can hardly feel, in the magical influence of the viceregal office, we cannot expect their less enlightened countrymen to cast down their idol and find him out to be a mere mumbo-jumbo. They will be more likely to see in him a ready-made personification of the intrusive Saxon, to whose malign though mysterious influence they may attribute all evils otherwise unaccountable. One reason for expecting national prosperity and social well-being from other sources than their own exertions, and one standing obstacle to a genuine union of sentiment between the two countries, will be removed when the Irish Viceroyalty meets with its inevitable fate.

#### THE THEATRES.

JUST about this time, the London theatres, after remaining in a fluid state for a month or six weeks, habitually crystallize themselves into a settled condition. The object of nearly every manager is to produce some piece towards the end of October, which will more or less fix the attention of a not very certain public until all theatrical phenomena are hurled into temporary insignificance by the production of the pantomimes. The prospective glance of some directors never extends beyond Christmas, convinced as they are that the national period of festivity will be certain to bring with it at least five weeks of uninterrupted prosperity. It is about a couple of months before Christmas that the experimental *coup* of the season must be made, and, if this fails, it is scarcely worth while to make another. Hence the generally fixed condition of November programmes.

Strengthened by the engagement of Miss Helen Faucit, Drury Lane now holds the first place among the theatres of London—it is once more the legitimate house *par excellence*. The comparatively unpopular play of *Cymbeline*, which admirably answered its purpose by introducing this accomplished lady in the charming character of Imogen, has been succeeded by the ever popular *Macbeth*, put upon the stage with a degree of care which shows that it is regarded as a permanent attraction. Miss Helen Faucit, as the Lady, is grand in her imperious moods, prophetic under the influence of ambition, bitter in vituperation, uneasy and constrained beneath the mask of hypocrisy. The vacillating *Macbeth* of Mr. Phelps is well governed by such an ideal embodiment of guilty determination. In the decorations, a happy medium is preserved between thorough disregard of adornment and that excessive elaboration of accessories which causes an audience to regard all the scenes that occur between certain strongly marked "effects" as so many *entr'actes*. The exact point at which accessories cease to assist, and begin to overwhelm, a work of dramatic poetry is not to be established *a priori*, but must be ascertained by mature deliberation in the case of each individual play; for a degree of magnificence that would be excessive with *Macbeth* may be suitable to *Henry VIII.*, obviously regarded as a pageant by the poet. Mr. W. Beverley, who has superintended the scenic department of *Macbeth* at Drury Lane, has done all he can to make his pictures architectural illustrations of the time in which the crimes of the Thane are supposed to occur. They never distract the attention from the main action (even the interpolated witcheries are without exceptional prominence), but they give it a local habitation remarkable for its fitness.

The drama with which Mr. Fechter has reopened the Lyceum, and which is called the *King's Butterfly*, is only a version of *Fanfan La Tulipe*, noticed in our columns more than a twelve-month ago, when an earlier version, called *Court and Camp*, was brought out at the Princess's. In Oxford Street, the tale of the young soldier who so directly appeals to French sympathies, but who cannot be otherwise than an object of supreme indifference to an English audience, was beautifully illustrated by scenery, was told with comparative brevity, and proved somewhat unenterprising. In Wellington Street, the same tale is still more beautifully illustrated by scenery, is told at enormous length, and proves dull and incomprehensible to a marvellous degree—throwing the descriptive critics of the daily press into a condition of absolute despair. There is some good light-comedy acting by Mr. Fechter as the military "swell," and the decorations are undoubtedly elaborate and complete; but still, a play that occupies a whole evening ought to be a little interesting on its own account.

The management of the Olympic has passed into the hands of Mr. Horace Wigan, who has reopened it with a strong "sensation drama," entitled the *Hidden Hand*, and founded upon a French piece, called *L'Aïeule*, which about a year ago awed the patrons of the Ambigu-Comique. The mother of a nobleman's first wife slowly poisons his daughter by the second, in order to secure a position for her own grandchild, but so cautious is she in her operations that the suspicion of the crime falls upon the second wife. All is, of course, cleared up at the end; the intended victim is saved by an amateur doctor before the drugs have completed their work, and the grandmother forces down her own throat all the remaining stock of poison. There is a sustained gloom over the plot of this piece that may not be altogether accordant to the English taste, but the manner in which the adapter, who has transferred the story from a French province to Wales, has given a local colour both to personages and motives is worthy of the highest praise. Whatever may be its measure

of success, the *Hidden Hand*, both with regard to its conception and its execution, is to be respected as a work of genuine dramatic art, and to be distinguished altogether from those cumbrous trifles which are expected to succeed by dint of decoration alone. Its greatest importance, however, consists in the fact that it has first made the public properly acquainted with the merits of a young and rising actress. For several years Miss Kate Terry has been a useful and even a conspicuous member of the theatrical profession, for, during the earlier part of Mr. C. Kean's management of the Princess's, she was the constant representative of those characters which demand extreme youth in the performance. To the reputation acquired by precocity the achievements of a matured talent did not immediately correspond, and certainly no great glory was to be derived from the performance of such parts as the one in the *Duke's Motto* assigned to her at the Lyceum. In the *Hidden Hand*, however, it is not too much to say, she is made responsible for the success of the piece. She represents the nobleman's second wife, suspected of attempting the life of her own child because that child is affianced to a man for whom she has entertained an unlawful passion. The lady has erred only in thought, and even the mental sin has been occasioned by the neglect of her husband, a confirmed profligate of the Court of Charles II.; but she has not all the consolations of a clear conscience when overwhelmed with the accusation, not merely of infidelity, but of attempted murder. This complicated position requires both power and *finesse*, and so perfect is the performance of Miss Kate Terry that it will probably mark the starting-point for a new theatrical career.

The predilection for foreigners who aspire to talk fluent English on the stage is, we are inclined to believe, somewhat on the decline, and Mdlle. Beatrice Lucchesini—a young actress, Italian by birth, but professionally French, who for some time past has been performing in the Haymarket—has perhaps come to London a few months too late. However, the favourable impression which she made by her *début* in *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle* has been more than confirmed by her representation of Mrs. Haller in the *Stranger*. M. Dumas' comedy, much as it is esteemed in Paris, is regarded in London not only as morally offensive, but as insufferably tedious; while Kotzebue's play, in spite of the equivocal code of ethics upon which it is based, is always accepted as one of the most efficient vehicles for the display of an aspiring tragic actress. Mdlle. Beatrice is not a perfect mistress of the stronger emotions, and those scenes which, in the hands of some artists, would most startle an audience into applause are precisely those which, with her, produce the least effect. But she has the advantages of a handsome person, a commanding figure, and an extremely distinguished manner, combined with a truthfulness in the expression of grief which commands the sympathies of her hearers, while her foreign accent is perhaps a shade less conspicuous than that of her predecessors. It is in the last scene of the *Stranger* that she is most successful.

A curious discussion might arise on the different degrees of moral offence which the *Stranger* is likely to give in different states of society. It is evident that, at the present day, the spectacle of a husband pardoning the infidelity of a penitent wife is not regarded as particularly shocking; whereas, when more than half a century ago it first crossed the Rhine, it not only incurred severe censure in England, but excited no small degree of horror in Paris, then, as now, not remarkable for the purity of its stage. The wits of our own Charles II. would doubtless have been content to laugh at the misanthrope as a wittol, and, if the wife's gallant could have been seen chuckling in the background during the scene of the reconciliation, the fun would have been all the greater. But a man who pardoned his erring wife, and expected the audience to admire him into the bargain, would have been somewhat repugnant to the Carolingian stomach, accustomed as it was to strong meat cooked after its own fashion. In spite of the atmosphere of profligacy by which they were surrounded, not only the criminal, but also the moral, code of our dissolute forefathers was in some respects more severe than our own; for the sympathy, real or affected, which is now entertained for a *traviata* would have been wholly incompatible with the eagerness with which fine gentlemen once went to see women whipped at Bridewell. It is an absence of morality, rather than the suggestion of an alteration in the established moral code, that shocks the modern reader who makes himself acquainted for the first time with the works of Wycherly and Congreve.

At the St. James's Theatre there is a piece of semi-serious interest, entitled *Sibylla, or Step by Step*, the action of which is supposed to take place at the Court of some King Christian of Denmark. A devoted daughter, to effect the liberation of a wrongfully imprisoned father, contrives to work her way into the King's presence—not without somewhat of risk to her own character—and not only attains her object, but upsets a traitorous Ministry into the bargain. The piece, however, is one of intrigue rather than sentiment; and this circumstance, as well as its general style, and the technical skill with which an intricate story is conducted, would at once suggest a French origin. Such, however, is the fallibility of *a priori* reasoning, that it happens to be a purely original work from the pen of Mr. Palgrave Simpson, who deserves great commendation for the display of a talent extremely rare in this country. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews and Mr. Frank Matthews are all employed in the representation of this piece, and it receives full justice at their hands. These, with Mrs. F. Matthews, are the permanent chiefs of the St. James's company, the strength of which, already great, is occasionally

increased by the transfer of Mrs. Stirling and others from the Adelphi to this theatre.

Persons who wish to see a good stirring piece—not of the senseless kind that was of old considered proper to Transpontine houses, but a well-constructed drama, in which a dramatic interest is most skilfully maintained and a moral purpose steadily worked out, while it abounds in situations at once novel and striking, and is spiced with a “sensation scene” quite equal to that which contributed so largely to the fame of the *Colleen Bawn*—should deny the existence of the Thames, as Louis XIV. wished to deny that of the Pyrenees. The *Orange Girl*, brought out at the Surrey, is the best melodrama that has been produced in London, central or suburban, for a length of time, and those who have seen it will readily confess that the geographical line of demarcation drawn by fashion does not separate the good from the worthless in theatrical matters. Here is one argument more to show that a river is by no means a natural boundary. The *Orange Girl* on the other side of the Thames presents an analogy to the Cologne, or rather Köln, on this side of the Rhine. Fancy the stage covered over with a frozen tarn, and a hole dug in the ice, into which an innocent girl is allowed to step, and out of which she is pulled by a strong-minded woman! Fancy Messrs. Shepherd and Anderson as two convicted felons, who have been rivals in love, and of whom one is wrongfully, the other rightfully, punished—fancy them, we say, handcuffed together on a rocky corner of Portland Island, and one trying to leap into the sea with the other! No bad sample this of the Surrey commodity.

The value of proverbial teaching is considerably diminished by the circumstance that almost every proverb may be met with one of a precisely opposite tendency. The adage, for instance, which declares the value of the “golden mean,” is altogether antagonistic to the one which declared that “between two stools we come to the ground.” Of these the former is, however, the most respectable. It harmonizes with the ethics of Aristotle, it has the Latin form, “In medio tutissimus ibis,” and it is supported by Miss Adah Isaacs Menken, who plays Mazeppa at Astley’s. A female Mazeppa was expected to be something very indecent, but turns out to be just as inoffensive as an ordinary queen of the ballet, the same limbs that are freely exhibited by the one being exhibited with equal freedom by the other. Under these circumstances, the “two-stool” philosophers might expect a victory. A decorous female Mazeppa is neither sufficiently proper to satisfy the fastidious, nor sufficiently the reverse to gratify the lax—argal, she won’t draw. The reasoning looks sound enough, but will not bear the test of experience. Miss Adah Isaacs Menken draws crowds, and takes a leading position among the London sights. It should be observed that she makes an especial claim to applause by the display of exceptional pluck. When Mazeppa was performed by a male actor, the dangerous parts of the journey were performed by a dummy, more or less artfully substituted for the man. Miss Menken scorns such assistance. She encounters all that is to be encountered in her own person, and finds her reward.

At the Strand Theatre, a drama entitled *Milky White*, showing the conversion of a brutal milkman into a very good-humoured fellow, has drawn numerous audiences for several weeks. Mr. Craven, the author, plays the principal character, after the manner of the late Mr. Robson, for whom probably the piece was written. Miss Milly Palmer, a young actress who has gained a high reputation at Liverpool, has appeared at the same house, but not in parts of great responsibility.

The attraction of the *Streets of London*, noticed by us at the commencement of August, has proved so permanent that for nearly four months there has been no change in the bills of the Princess’s. The Adelphi has of late relied on old stock-pieces, supported in some instances by Mr. Collins, a veteran Irish actor, whose vocal abilities are greater than his humour. This favourite house is less regulated than some others by considerations of Christmas, and its grand novelty is yet to come.

## REVIEWS.

### LETTERS OF LOUIS XVI. AND MARIE ANTOINETTE.\*

WE had, the other day, M. de Humolstein’s collection of letters bearing the name of Marie Antoinette. He is speedily followed by M. Feuillet de Conches, of whose still more extensive collection, containing also letters from Louis XVI. and Madame Elizabeth, the first volume, coming down to the beginning of 1791, has lately been published. M. Feuillet de Conches tells us, at least generally, where he found them. For twenty years he has been searching them out in the archives of France, Austria, Russia, and Sweden. He has also received assistance from the papers of ancient families, and he has turned to account acquisitions of his own. He reminds us that we ought to look narrowly into the authenticity of papers of this sort. With respect to the letters of Louis XVI. printed in his book, he gives us the assurance that they have all been copied with his own hand from the originals in different public collections, and he observes that, “when we talk of anything belonging to this prince, we ought to be able to say, ‘Here are the

originals.’” Spurious compositions, attributed to Louis XVI., have been published as lately as 1862 and the present year; and a collection of his letters, edited in 1803 by Miss Helen Maria Williams, imposed on a statesman like M. Lainé, and, in part at least, on an historian like M. de Barante. Such fictions are sure to find, not only dupes, but champions and zealous admirers. “En toute affaire,” as M. de Conches quotes from Madame du Deffand, “il y a les trompeurs, les trompés, et les trompettes.” Yet the forger who invented the collection sold to Miss H. M. Williams—one Babié, a needy scribbler who wrote under the pressure of extreme want—signed his name to an avowal of the fraud; and the very language of the supposed letters betrayed that they were written after the passage of the revolution had left its deep traces on the common and current speech of France. Not only has the writer not observed the distinction—of which probably he was ignorant, but which, we are told, is familiar to those acquainted with the subject—between the language of the town and the language of the Court under the old Monarchy; but he has prematurely attributed to the pen of Louis XVI. words and phrases, not merely of a revolutionary origin, but of which the origin is distinctly known to be later than the date of the letters. The instances given by M. Feuillet de Conches are curious. We learn from him, what we should otherwise have found it hard to believe, that the French language had no such word as *arrière-pensée*, for which we have not yet found an equivalent, till it “issued from the brain of Sieyès.” The pretended letters speak of *démoralisation*, which “revolutionary barbarism” the King would never have used; and he would never have told Vergniaud—to whom, besides, he certainly never wrote—that “vous avez des idées grandes et libérales,” for the “expression was first introduced by Mme. De Staël, in the apology for her father.” The criticisms of M. de Conches on these forgeries show that he is fully aware of the danger of being taken in by productions which are not genuine, and which, it appears, there are strong temptations to invent. We may probably trust his sagacity and his caution. Yet even he, with French grandeur of assertion, requires us to take what he gives us on trust, and commonly leaves us in the dark as to the authority for any particular paper. The volume is not drawn from any one collection, but from many; yet it is thought enough to tell us, generally, that part of it is from the archives of four great States, and the rest from private collections, only two or three of which are specially mentioned. We may guess that the “archives of Sweden” supplied a letter from the Queen to the King of Sweden, and the “archives of Russia” the reports of M. de Simolin to the Imperial Court respecting the progress of the French revolution. But these are not the most interesting papers in the book; and it would have been more scholarlike, as well as a more satisfactory voucher for genuineness, to have informed us whence, among the many different sources from which the volume is derived, each document has come.

The letters of Louis XVI. belong mainly to the period before the revolution. After 1789, as M. Feuillet de Conches puts it, as regards documents, “he disappears in the shadow of the Queen.” The letters are for the most part short notes on business to his Ministers and officers, and we do not see that they throw much new light on the King or his reign. They show no genius, and they prove no incapacity; they descend to details, as probably even kings must sometimes descend; and they notice important objects, and give general orders about them, but without indicating how the orders are to be carried out. They prove that the King took a real interest in what was going on, and wished things to be done in the right way; and they prove little more than this, either one way or the other. They show clearness and good sense in appreciating general ideas, when put before the King by a man like Turgot; but they are no key to the real character and practical capacity of the writer. They might be the notes of a powerful and successful ruler; they might be, as we know them to have been, those of a well-intentioned one, who was not equal to his task, and who failed to find, or to keep about him, ministers who were. We cannot see in them the evidence which M. Feuillet de Conches finds in them, that the King’s views on foreign policy were sagacious and public-spirited; that his interference in the American war was a just and successful vindication of French honour, which restored France to her proper place in Europe; or that the first impulse and movement in the attempted popular reforms of this reign belonged rather to the King than, as has been supposed, to the “economists” about him. Nor, on the other hand, is it fair to argue from them—because the King happens to mention minute details, the name of a ship or of a work on botany, or the number of hounds in his pack—that therefore “this head, encircled by one of the most brilliant crowns of Christendom, was constantly bent down to the petty cares of a clerk, a gamekeeper, or a parish officer.” It is perfectly true, according to his sententious maxim in answering a report about popular mistakes in the treatment of drowned persons, that “il n’y a pas de petites choses quand il s’agit du bien du peuple.” All, however, depends on the way in which the “petites choses” are dealt with, and whether by a Turgot or a mere humane gentleman. The letters seem to us neither to raise nor to lower Louis; they fit into his character as we know it from other sources, and they would fit into a higher or even a lower one. Perhaps the most marked feature about them is a sort of pedantic affectation of the maxims of sentimental benevolence which were so much in vogue just before the revolution, and which sound odd in State-papers, though less so in French State-papers than in others. The “Dames

\* Louis XVI. Marie Antoinette, et Madame Elizabeth. *Lettres et Documents inédits, publiés par F. Feuillet de Conches.* Vol. I. Paris: Plon. 1864.



de la Halle" had asked leave to compliment him and the Queen at his accession; "by all means," he replies to his Minister:—

Elles se font faire des compliments toujours fort bien tournés, et elles les débilitent avec une effusion, une cordialité vraiment touchante, et la bonté qu'on leur montre fait descendre l'amour jusque dans ces classes laborieuses de mes sujets. Je ne dois pas oublier que je suis le Roi de tous, grands et petits, et que l'art de se faire aimer est le moins coûteux de tous les moyens de gouvernement.

It is difficult, in reading this, not to carry our thoughts forward to the "compliments" of another sort which these ladies were at another time, without asking leave, to pay to Louis and the Queen. But, for the present, he was thoroughly persuaded that it was an easy thing for a King of France to govern by sentiment; and that his people would be sure to understand, and respond to, him. "Qu'il est doux," he burst out, on occasion of the patriotic offerings after the defeat of De Grasse in 1782; "de régner sur un tel peuple, et qu'il mérite bien d'être aimé!" We are familiar with the phrase, found here in a letter to Turgot—"Plus j'y pense, mon cher Turgot, et plus je me répète qu'il n'y a que vous et moi qui aimions réellement le peuple"; though this did not prevent him, six months later, from consenting to Turgot's dismissal. Still more odd do these fine generalities seem in a letter to the chief of the police, in which he announces his intention of recalling and re-establishing the rebellious Law Courts, the old Parlements, which Maupeou—"l'indigne chancelier," as the King calls him—had, with so much violence and odium, sacrificed to the royal authority. "D'ailleurs," he concludes, after showing that he is much more clear that the act will be a popular one than that he sees the safe way of doing it, "il vaut mieux se faire aimer que de se faire craindre, et je veux être aimé." "J'obéirai," said the cynical and shrewd old tamer of refractory Parlements, when he saw the bearer of the inevitable *lettre de cachet* approaching; "j'avais fait gagner au Roi un procès qui durait depuis trois cents ans; il veut le repêcher; il en est le maître."

As soon as real trouble began, the direction of the Royal counsels passed into the hands of the Queen, and this appears at once in the change in the correspondence. The Queen becomes the chief letter-writer. M. Feuillet de Conches thinks that Louis XVI. did not want for intelligence and clear-sightedness; but he saw so many sides of a question that he could not make up his mind:—

Il était faible, non de la faiblesse des Gêrontes, qui ont au fond la conscience de la dégradation de leur caractère et n'ont pas assez de trempe ni de cœur pour s'en relever; il avait cette faiblesse logique qui saisit tout ce qu'il y a de bon et de juste en vingt avis divers, ne sait pas opter carrément pour le meilleur, passe successivement de l'un à l'autre, choisit le dernier, ou même n'en choisit aucun.

It may be questioned whether this way of accounting for weakness of character by excess of intellectual appreciation is very sound, and whether De Retz's *mot* about Gaston of Orleans, which expresses the view with such inimitable terseness—"il pensait à tout et ne voulait rien"—has not more point in it than truth. Stupidity, as much as fertility and quickness of apprehension, had probably something to do with such indecision as the poor King's. But the result was that the management, such as there was, of the Royal cause was forced upon the Queen. M. de Conches, the warm champion of her goodness and sincerity, has the sense to see that, spirited and brilliant as she was, she had not either the training or the natural qualities for so terrible a trial. And even if she had had the tastes or the power to encounter or to control a revolution, she was matched with a partner whose dull apathetic obstinacy was a hopeless clog on all vigour and resolute action. The patience and self-command which she shows in her letters, in speaking of her husband, are worthy of admiration. In her gay days—so says Bachaumont—Louis, in resentment at frolics which seemed indecorous in a Queen of France, and probably by way of cure for them, had had the good taste and the good feeling to get her caricatured by the actors in a carnival farce in the theatre of Versailles. If this is a fair specimen of his way of bringing her down from her flighty and thoughtless levities to his standard of propriety, we might expect to find traces, in her letters, of resentment and sarcastic bitterness. But there are none, either before or after the opening of the revolution. In her confidential letters to her own family, to the Duchesse de Polignac, to Mercy, she never lets fall a disrespectful or impatient word about her incapable and priggish husband. She shows, in her prosperous days, a sincere wish to see and to exhibit the best side of him; and though, when the storm begins, she discloses plainly enough how deeply she is conscious of his want of manliness and fitting energy, the natural irritation which we may be sure was often felt is never allowed to find vent in complaints or sharp words about him. If she has to speak her convictions and fears, it is always in language which shows the habitual restraint which she placed on her feelings. "Necker"—she writes to Mercy, when she was trying, with the utmost personal repugnance and misgiving, yet perfectly sincerely, to get Necker to take office, in August 1788—"wants some one to control him":—

Il lui faut un frein. Le personnage au-dessus de moi n'en est pas en état, et moi, quelque chose qu'on dise, et qui arrive, je ne suis jamais qu'en second; et malgré la confiance du premier, il me le fait sentir souvent.

This is the utmost that she ventures on in the way of criticism. It is not often that she says as much as this. Yet the letter is one almost of despair. "Enfin, je suis bien malheureuse." And there can be little doubt with what inward wrath and scorn the high-spirited and keen-witted daughter of Maria Theresa must have

looked on at the pitiful impotence to govern or to save the monarchy of Louis XIV.

She did not want courage, determination, or goodwill to endure, and to put force on her own wishes and tastes. But that there should be anything but sheer wickedness and rebellion in the cry for liberty was incomprehensible to her. She could only regard the whole movement, from the first, as a simply monstrous and wanton rising against the authority of the "most virtuous of masters." Thus she touches off, with the keen satirical point of a born Frenchwoman, the "ingratitude" of those who ventured to think differently from the Government in the Assembly of Notables:—

Quoique dans le pays des Chambres haute et basse [she is writing in 1787 to the Duchesse de Polignac, who was in England], des oppositions et des motions, vous pouvez vous fermer les oreilles et laisser dire. Mais, ici, c'est un bruit assourdissant, malgré que j'en ai. Ces mots d'opposition et de motions sont établis comme au Parlement d'Angleterre, avec cette différence, que lorsqu'on passe à Londres dans le parti d'opposition on commence par se dépouiller des grâces du Roi, au lieu qu'ici beaucoup s'opposent à toutes les vœux sages et bienfaisantes du plus vertueux des maîtres et gardent ses bienfaits. . . . Le temps des illusions est passé, et nous faisons des expériences bien cruelles; nous payons cher aujourd'hui notre engouement et notre enthousiasme pour la guerre d'Amérique. . . .

Je vous ai déjà parlé de notre Chambre haute et basse et de toutes les ridiculités qui s'y passent et qui s'y disent. Etre accablé des bienfaits du Roi, comme M. de Beauvau, être de l'opposition et ne rendre rien, c'est ce qu'on appelle avoir de l'esprit et du courage. C'est bien en effet le courage de la honte. Je ne suis entourée que de gens qui en sont révoltés. Un Duc [de Guines], grand faiseur de motions, et ayant toujours la larme à l'œil quand il parle, est du nombre. M. Lafayette motive toujours son avis d'après ce qui se fait en Philadelphie.

Marie Antoinette, though she declared herself a Frenchwoman "jusqu'aux ongles," and though she undoubtedly caught much of French brilliancy and quickness, never really took root in France, and, though she made friends of Frenchwomen, never learned to respect and trust Frenchmen. Her counsellor, from the moment that she wanted one, was the Austrian ambassador, Mercy-Argenteau; and she had no other. Whatever may have been Mercy's ability and honesty, this was a fatally false position for a Queen of France. As early as 1783 we find her calling Mercy into council—while the whole matter was to be kept a profound secret from the King—to decide about a new French ambassador at Berlin who should suit the interests of Austria; and we see Mercy gravely excluding all French diplomats who had played any part in Germany:—

J'apprends dans l'instant, par M. de Vergennes, que M. d'Usson est en apoplexie et doit être mort dans ce moment-ci. Il y a à croire que M. de Pons lui succédera. Mandez-moi, je vous prie, quelles sont vos idées sur la place de Berlin. Elle peut être importante pour l'Empereur. M. de Vergennes me parait pencher pour M. d'Eterno, homme d'esprit, peu connu, et son ami intime. J'ai dit que je voulais avoir le temps d'y penser, bien décidé de vous consulter. Mais au reste, gardez-moi le secret, car le Roi lui-même ne sait pas encore la maladie de M. d'Usson.

Mercy answers:—

Quoique je ne connaisse M. Deterneau que de vue, je sais qu'il passe pour sage et tranquille. Ce sont deux qualités les plus à désirer dans le sujet qui sera choisi pour le poste de Berlin. De tous les ministres du Roi dans les différentes cours d'Allemagne, il n'en est aucun qui n'ait donné preuve d'inconvénient à être placé auprès du Roi de Prusse. Cette raison . . . me porte à croire qu'un homme nouveau dans la carrière politique serait préférable pour le poste dont il s'agit.

All the Queen's letters of any consequence, excepting some charming notes to the Duchesse de Polignac, are addressed to Mercy, and they are accompanied with his replies. There are great gaps in the correspondence, but it touches on some important passages in the history—the dismissal of the Archbishop of Sens and the recall of Necker, with which Mercy and the Queen had much to do; the beginning and the progress of the Queen's relations with Mirabeau; and the details of the plan, first urged by Mirabeau, for the escape of the Royal family from Paris, and the setting up the King's standard at Montmédy, under the protection of Bouillé's army. The correspondence shows how completely she leant upon Mercy, took her political views from him, and trusted implicitly to his experience to direct her and to make up for her own want of preparation for public life. Courage, lofty temper, self-devotion, she could give of her own; but she knew nothing to fit her to see her way through the difficulties of the time, and she made a foreigner and a foreign Minister her chief adviser. It was most natural that an Austrian princess should turn for counsel to a veteran Austrian statesman; and Mercy, as far as he could, seems to have served her ably and honestly. But it was equally natural that the French nation, and all parties in it, should resent and suspect the influence which he exerted; and though, as M. Feuillet de Conches says, the *Comité Autrichien* may have been nothing more than Mercy, yet Mercy alone, filling the position which he did, was quite enough to provoke the utmost irritation in a calmer people than the French, and in calmer days than those of the revolution. Both he and the Queen were doubtless far wiser and more sober than the headstrong and reckless Princes of the Blood, and the frantic party of emigrant nobles whom they headed; but while they had a party of Frenchmen, the Queen had none, and, with her instinctive distrust of Frenchmen, never could hope to form one. She was willing to employ them; we see in the letters how resolutely she forced herself to bring back Necker, and to be cordial to the "monster" Mirabeau; but we also see in the letters how she confides, to those whom she really trusted, that she looked on them simply as instruments to be used because there were no better. It is by no means wonderful that she should feel thus towards them; only it explains why she failed to inspire

confidence, and why her attempts to attach to her men who might have been of use were unsuccessful. Her only real confidence was in her brother at Vienna, and all that she thought of and planned in Paris was as to the mode and the time of bringing down the power of Austria with most effect for the restoration of the Royal authority, and the punishment of those who had dared to assail it. In her last letter in the volume, written when she had become fully reconciled with Mirabeau, and was preparing to follow his advice in retiring from Paris—in February 1791, about a month before Mirabeau's death made such a change in the prospect—she thus speaks of the people of whom she was attempting to make use. It was, at any rate, a dangerous game:—

M. de la Marek montre toujours grand zèle et dévouement à mon service. . . . Il vous portera alors une lettre de moi. Mais comme, d'après sa manière d'être depuis longtemps et sa liaison intime avec MM. de Montmorin et Mirabeau, je crois qu'il peut être utile, sans cependant lui accorder la moindre confiance sur rien, ma lettre sera d'un style à ce qu'il puisse la lire, s'il en a la fantaisie. Je ne vous parle pas de toutes les classes d'intrigants et de factieux avec lesquels nous avons l'air d'être en liaison à présent; ma dernière lettre vous a dit notre manière de les juger.

The remaining letters in the volume are from Madame Elizabeth. They have been, partially at least, printed before, but M. Feuillet de Conches has been able to publish them from the originals, in a much more complete shape. They are addressed to two of her friends who were out of France, Madame de Bombelles and Madame de Raigecourt; and they describe, to "chère Bombe" and "chère Mademoiselle Rage," the progress of the great change and some of its scenes. They leave the impression of a very noble character of the old French type, limited in views and sympathies, but charming in social intercourse, and in all offices of friendship. They are full of spirit and vivacity—full, in the midst of sorrow and fear, of a gaiety and playfulness which must have its way. They are the letters of a high-hearted and high-bred lady—very aristocratic, very devout—who was looking on, a helpless spectator, at the ruin of everything that she had been accustomed to and prized; who was most horror-struck of all at what she thought the triumph of irreligion and unbelief, and gazed with wondering disgust at the incredible stupidity and tameness of all who were responsible for the Government; but who, while she felt that she and every one about her were rushing to destruction, could not help being amused, and communicating her amusement, at the grotesque and absurd novelties which astonished her at every step, mingled with so much that was shocking and terrible. She makes no pretence to understand what is going on; to her it seems absolutely, from first to last, an inexplicable and dreary mystery of wickedness and folly; but her self-possession never fails her—a touch of oddness or pleasantry is always ready to come to the surface. Considering what was to be, the very quaintness of the way in which she expresses the darkness of her future is doubly touching:—

Nous ne savons pas encore si l'Empereur est mort. Il est à croire qu'il l'est. Comme l'Europe va être cultuée! On dit sa niche morte en couches; je la trouve heureuse, sans cependant envier son sort. Comme j'ai toujours été curieuse, je voudrais voir la fin de cette révolution. Cependant, si le temps des persécutions pour la religion alloit revenir, ah! je demanderais au ciel de me faire la grâce de me retirer de ce monde avant, car je ne me sens pas du tout le courage pour les supporter.

#### CALENDAR OF VENETIAN STATE PAPERS.\*

THERE seems to be a fair chance that, some day or other, all the State Papers in the world will be, if not printed at length, at least calendared. It may so happen that, among other results of the late Convention between Italy and France, it may serve to throw open to the world the inaccessible archives of the Vatican. Meanwhile Mr. Bergenroth has been labouring at Simancas, and now Mr. Rawdon Brown at Venice. We have yet to see if any of the small fry of literature, whether Dukes or Doctors, will come down upon Mr. Brown's materials with the same sort of swoop with which they have already come down upon Mr. Bergenroth's. Perhaps Mr. Brown may find some little protection from the fact of his name being so much better known beforehand than Mr. Bergenroth's. But the temptation must be very great; when Mr. Brown reaches his second volume, it will probably be found to be irresistible. Mr. Brown promises us matter of what is just now the most attractive kind of all—new revelations about Henry the Eighth and Queen Elizabeth. Indeed, he gives us specimens in the present volume which may perhaps be quite enough to whet the teeth of the spoiler. We shall look with curiosity, and perhaps Mr. Brown will also, for the next volume whose title-page may bear the name either of Dr. Doran or of the Duke of Manchester.

We gave some account, about a year ago, in reviewing the work of M. Armand Baschet, of the system of the Reports made by Venetian Ambassadors to their Government at home, which form one of the most valuable sources of documentary history. Mr. Brown has had a good deal to do with these Reports also, but he has had to do with a good deal besides. The whole of the archives of the ancient Republic, in its various departments, have been thrown open to him, and he has not confined his researches to Venice only. He has drawn to a considerable extent upon the documentary stores of Milan and other Italian cities, which have

furnished him with a good deal of important matter. Mr. Brown's principle of selection is, to notice everything which in any way bears on the affairs of England, or rather of Great Britain—for he takes care that Scotland shall not be forgotten—and to notice nothing which does not do so. In his Preface, he not only describes his materials, and points out some of the special subjects which they serve to illustrate, but he gives a sketch of the whole constitutional and administrative system of the Republic so far as it at all bears on the matter in hand. The Venetian archives appear, as one would expect in such a State, to be most plentiful and most valuable. Fires and other casualties have destroyed a good many, and French and Austrian invaders, in their different incursions, stole a good many. The thieves, as usual, quarrelled over the prey, but, in the end, most things seem to have got back to their proper places. The original diary of Marin Sanuto, one of the most important original sources of history for the sixteenth century, is feloniously detained at Vienna; but a copy, made by the last historiographer of the Commonwealth, and which Mr. Brown tells us is more convenient for use than the original, is preserved in the Library of St. Mark. "Sin it were to belie the Devil," and, from Mr. Brown's account, the present masters of Venice seem to take a very praiseworthy care of all these precious records, and to display a very praiseworthy liberality in allowing access to them. So let the "Imperial Government," as Mr. Brown reverentially calls it, have whatever credit is due to it, and let us hope that all things may be kept safe till they come into the hands of their proper owners.

Besides his Preface, Mr. Brown gives us several elaborate tables, classifying the documents themselves, and others containing lists of the Diplomatic and Consular agents of Venice in England and of England in Venice; also lists of the Captains of the Flanders galleys (of whom more anon), and of the various articles of merchandize which came in those galleys. We have also a synopsis of the Preface at the beginning, and a very full Index at the end. The whole volume therefore is very complete in itself, and the little taste which Mr. Brown gives us of what is to come makes us decidedly wish for more.

Mr. Brown divides the history of intercourse between England and Venice into two periods—the diplomatic and what he calls the pre-diplomatic. The regular system of modern diplomacy, the constant keeping of ambassadors by one Power at the Court of another, gradually grew up in the fifteenth century, and the wise Republic had as much to do with its growth as any State in Europe. In earlier times, embassies were sent only when any special occasion made them needful. During the earlier period, the intercourse between England and Venice was mainly commercial, and the Venetian commerce of those days was far more important than it was in later times. Till the Cape of Good Hope was doubled, it was through Venice that all the commodities of the East reached Western Europe. The "Flanders Fleet," which had to convey all these good things to England among other countries, formed an important matter of national concern for more than two hundred years. We hear of it for the first time in 1317, and for the last in 1532. Its sailing was suspended by the League of Cambray, and, by the time Venice had recovered from her depression, other channels of commerce had been fully opened. But, in the days of its greatness, the Flanders Fleet was a very great matter indeed for Southern Italy, Spain, England, and the Netherlands. Its commander was a man of high rank and armed with large powers, and ready to act on occasion as an ambassador no less than as an admiral. Young Venetian nobles sailed under him in command of the archers on board, answering to the old Greek *trijaras* and to our marines, and the rowers consisted of hardy Slavonian sailors from the dominions of Venice east of the Adriatic, who have left traces of themselves in England which we should hardly have looked for:—

They established in England a confraternity similar to that which they possessed in Venice, for the purpose of ministering to each other such temporal and spiritual aid as might be needed, and especially the last rites and consolations of religion. They had their special place of sepulture in the neighbourhood of Southampton; and at this day in the pavement of the north aisle of North Stoneham Church, four miles from that port, is to be read an inscription, which has much puzzled English antiquaries.

Around the representation of a spread eagle is carved in Lombardic characters,

"SEPULTURA DE LA SCHOLA DE SLAVONIC, ANO DNI  
MCCCCXXXII."

The Captain of this fleet had, as we have just said, often to play the part of a diplomatist, but during the reign of Henry the Seventh ambassadors began to be pretty regularly exchanged between England and Venice. That was the transition age—the age in which Venetian diplomacy played a greater part than in either earlier or later times. But intercourse was a good deal interrupted in the sixteenth century owing to the religious change in England—a motive which one would hardly have expected to have much weight with such a commonwealth as Venice. It was doubtless fear of powerful enemies of England nearer home, rather than any speculative hatred of heresy, which led the Republic to this course. The people who "were Venetians before they were Christians" did not scruple to have very close dealings with heretics on their own border, whenever alliances with the stout soldiers of the Rhetian Leagues were found convenient. But it is curious to read how anxious Elizabeth was to receive a Venetian Ambassador, and how unwilling the Signory was to send one. It is, as Mr. Brown says, "a proof how much the Signory was respected, and how painfully Elizabeth felt her isolated position." A Minister came at last, but only with a narrowly limited com-

\* *Calendar of State Papers and Manuscripts relating to English Affairs, existing in the Archives and Collections of Venice and in other Libraries of Northern Italy.* Vol. I.: 1202-1509. Edited by Rawdon Brown. London: Longman & Co. 1864.



mission, six weeks before the Queen's death, just in time to write a very curious report of his own reception and of Elizabeth's end.

Of course a collection like this contains all sorts of points which might be discussed at almost any length. For instance, it is clear that the Venetian Republic, like most of the other States of Europe, believed the so-called Perkin Warbeck to be the real son of Edward the Fourth. He is spoken of throughout the despatches as "the Duke of York," in the most matter-of-fact way in the world. Now several of the European princes had an interest in supporting Richard, or Perkin, whichever we are to call him, in his pretensions. At least, if they had not exactly an interest in supporting him, they had an interest in dangling him before the eyes of Henry Tudor as one who might be supported or not as the true King of England, according as the actual King of England might behave. It therefore does not prove very much if King Maximilian professed to believe in Richard, or if King Maximilian's Ambassador, in writing to the Republic of Venice, spoke of him as Duke of York. But it proves a good deal more when Venetian Ambassadors, writing to their own Government, speak of him as Duke of York without any comment, as a thing of course. We do not mean that it proves the case at all positively; Zacharias Contarini might so express himself without having examined at all minutely into the question. But, if he did so express himself without examination, it only shows the more how strong was the belief all over Europe that Perkin was the real Richard. This is one of the cases in which collections like these of Mr. Brown's and of Mr. Bergenroth's are of such deep importance. They tell us what contemporary foreigners thought of English affairs. This is especially valuable during the reign of Henry the Seventh, the common English accounts of which come from a very scanty list of writers wholly in Henry's interest. We by no means wish to commit ourselves to Perkin as the real Richard. The existence of other claimants, some of them undoubtedly impostors, may be made to serve either side of the argument. Their appearance at once shows the probability that there was a real claimant somewhere, and at the same time throws a certain discredit upon any particular claimant. It is also worth noticing that no one professed to be Edward the Fifth. This, again, cuts two ways. It was easier to personate the younger brother than the elder, because the younger would, in the nature of things, have changed more than the elder. But, on the other hand, it may just as well point to a common belief that Edward had perished but that Richard had escaped—a belief which, with the scanty English records of the time, it would be equally hard to confirm or to confute. Altogether it is a very difficult question. These papers certainly do not prove that Perkin was the real Duke of York; but they certainly do prove that his claims are not to be tossed aside in the contemptuous way that they are by the common writers of English history.

Again, we are continually reminded in these papers of the claims of the English Crown upon Normandy, Aquitaine, and other parts of France, as something put forth by Henry the Seventh with perfect seriousness, and spoken of with perfect seriousness by the representatives of other Powers. We are apt to forget that Bordeaux and Bayonne had, for the first time in their history, become French little more than forty years before. We say for the first time in their history, because the momentary occupation by Philip the Fair is really not worth reckoning. We sometimes wish to see Finland detached from Russia and become again a Swedish province. The recovery of Aquitaine by England then was far less chimerical than the recovery of Finland by Sweden would seem now. The time since the loss was shorter; the capacity of England for the attempt was far greater. Many men were doubtless still living in Bordeaux who had passed twenty or thirty years of their lives as English subjects, and who had become Frenchmen quite as unwillingly as any Fin can have become a Russian. When we come to this sort of talk in the common histories, we are apt to pass it by as something as unreal as the retention of the title of King of France by George the Third. Papers like these give us a truer insight into the facts of the case.

The Milanese archives have furnished Mr. Brown with several very important documents illustrating the Wars of the Roses. Among them are letters from three several English and Irish Bishops, one of them the famous George Neville, brother of the King-maker, describing the accession of Edward the Fourth and the battle of Towton. To read accounts of such events, written when they were still the last news, by people so deeply interested in them, is quite another thing from reading the same story even in a contemporary chronicle. We may remark that Bishop Neville speaks of Edward as being "appointed King"; we should like to know the exact Latin phrase. Mr. Brown tells us that in a marginal note he finds the express words "Edwardus Rex eligitur." There is no doubt, both from these accounts and from every other, that something like an election, Parliamentary or popular, or both, attended the accession of Edward the Fourth, as something of the same kind afterwards attended that of Richard the Third. It is curious to find almost the last trace of election in the case of a prince whose claim rested otherwise only on the extreme doctrine of hereditary right. Something of the same sort occurred at the accession of the prince whose descendant Edward now displaced. Henry of Lancaster—of whose crusading exploits, by the way, some mention will be found in this volume—was undoubtedly an elective King; yet he tried to prop up his claims by the ridiculous story of his being, through his mother, the real representative of

Henry the Third. Henry the Seventh alone, marking thereby the beginning of a new epoch, ventured to dispense with election altogether, and to rest his claim, beyond actual possession, wholly on the weakest of all hereditary claims. Up to that time, the old notion of election within a certain family, once the common law of all European kingdoms, had not fully died out. When either the hereditary or the elective right was doubtful, it was convenient to have the other to fall back upon.

Is it commonly known that more than one Duke of Milan bore the title of "Englishman" as a badge of honour? One of these was the well-known Lewis Sforza, surnamed the Moor, the victim of his French namesake. On his accession in 1494, Carlo Barbavara of Milan thus writes to Bernardino Figino, LL.D. of Venice:—

You write that not a few Venetian patricians inquire why our new Prince Ludovic, suppressing the family name of Visconti, calls himself "Englishman" (*Anglum se appellat*), and ask the derivation of that title. Will mention what had been heard by him in general conversation.

The common opinion is, that the new Duke has suppressed the name of the Visconti family and styled himself "Englishman" (*Anglum*) in imitation of Duke Philip, who also determined to make no mention of the Visconti family, and called himself "Englishman."

Some say that in England a city called "Anglum" was of yore held by certain counts, who, being unable to govern it themselves, appointed others as their vicegerents in that government, who were therefore called not only Englishmen (*Anglos*), but also Viscounts—vicars, as it were, of the counts; from which viscounts the ancestors of Duke Philip subsequently descended.

Others are of opinion that Duke Philip was styled an Englishman either because he himself or his predecessors contracted relationship with the reigning King of England, and that therefore, as a memorial of that event, they thought fit to retain the surname of "Englishman."

Others again say that when Antenor (who after the destruction of Troy) built Padua, there also came into Italy a certain man, Anglus by name, a very illustrious individual, who in like manner built Angleria, a place from which Duke Philip called himself Anglus.

The populace, accustomed to say anything malignant from mental excitement, and without reason, assert that Duke Ludovic chooses to style himself an Englishman, and to suppress the Visconti family, which, for the future, will be less exalted by him than it has been hitherto; though this is uttered in folly and ignorance, as since his accession he has raised several Viscontis both to the grade of senators and to other offices, so that he will not hold them in less account than they enjoyed of yore.

On two occasions later in the book when the title occurs, Mr. Brown gives it as his opinion that the Visconti family were naturalized Englishmen by virtue of some privilege granted on the marriage of Lionel Duke of Clarence to Violante Visconti. This is not unlikely; but it does not explain why only Duke Philip of the one family and Duke Lewis of the other should bear this national description as a title, or why it should be borne as a title at all.

We shall look forward with pleasure for the appearance of Mr. Brown's second volume.

#### REUBEN MEDLICOTT.\*

THE novel of domestic life has of late been so completely driven out of the field of popular favour by its more exciting and sensation-stirring rivals, that there is something of the nature of an anachronism in the appearance of Mr. Savage's recent fiction. It is hardly possible to conceive *Reuben Medlicott* to have been so recent a composition as its publication at the present moment might be taken to imply. So far truer is it to types of character, as well to a general tone of social and political life existing a generation at least ago, that we might almost regard it as a picture executed with admirable fidelity, indeed, to persons and things at that bygone date, but kept back from public sight till years had well told their tale upon the fashions and ideas that formed its principal features. Such treatment, if the surmise be correct in fact, is not to be equally commended in the case of tales of fiction, however truthful and well drawn, as it might be in that of a vintage of fine port. It would require a preternatural quantity of the body of truth, an ultra-fiery tone of passion, or an exceptional depth of picturesque colour, if the story were designed to come up neither flattened in strength nor paled in hue by the interval of years. The very palates for which the decoction has been reserved have changed. They have grown used to a more stimulating fluid. They have been warmed by a more generous *crû*. Having got rid of the superstitious awe which has been wont to invest bottles hung about with cobwebs, and corks grown musty and wormed by age, the living generation will be likely to pass by the last mellow relics even of a choice stock with somewhat of a sour face.

We prefer this hypothesis of age, in accounting for the primitive and old-fashioned dress of *Reuben Medlicott*, to that of looking upon it as an intentional protest against the prevailing taste of the day for what is stigmatized as sensation. If really intended as an example of what is to be expected as a rival and more efficacious means of influencing the public taste, and leading it to simpler and more wholesome pastures, the mistake would be even more conspicuous and deplorable. The transition from a system of full feeding to the meagre fare dictated by a morbid fear of corpulence, or that of the habitual dram-drinker or drug-consumer to a teetotal diet and rejection of every narcotic, is not more trying to the system than the change from a course of exciting and highly-seasoned fiction to a literature of didactic milk and water. The public mind, we are disposed to think, is not yet prepared for a change so abrupt and so extreme. Those would-be reformers

\* *Reuben Medlicott*; or, the Coming Men. By M. W. Savage. 1864.

who so loftily deplore the low state of the prevalent taste would do well to analyse those elements of the popular novel which give it its present hold over such widely different masses of readers. It may be found, as the result, that the fascination of this class of fictions is due not so much to the horrible or the prurient features of the plot, as to the vividness and reality which are thrown into their narrative and their characters. It is the "action, action, action" of the veteran orator in which lies the secret of success in contemporary romance. What people like to read about is that which approaches nearest to the mobility and the warmth of actual flesh and blood. It is in the tame and shadowy nature of the principal personages that works possessing all the talent of *Reuben Medlicott* fail to make their mark upon the age. The writer has not taken pains to advance with the progress of tastes, opinions, and events. His latest work retains too faithfully the impress of his early manner, which even at that now distant date seemed to be dawning upon the world just a little behind its time. In the *Bachelor of the Albany* we seemed to get pictures of the Young England era just as the belief in white waistcoats and "coming men" had run its little day. There was in that work a talent for pointed description of men and things, together with a keen sense of social humour, which raised high expectations of the writer's future career. In *Reuben Medlicott* we are conscious of the same powers of witty and picturesque narrative, the same sharply cut traits of character, the same sparkling stream of dialogue. But the general tone and temper of the later story seem even more out of date than those of the first. We are carried back to a time when white waistcoats were anticipated by buff, to the time of blue coats with brass buttons, to the time when England and Ireland alike rang with agitation for and against Catholic Emancipation, national succour to the Poles, freedom of our colonial blacks. We catch faint whispers of Parliamentary Reform. We see deans rattling upon the Catholic claims to supersede the decanal by the episcopal shovel. We see gentlemen of fashion borne to the House by Quaker money, in the interests of the Peace Society and Universal Sympathy. Elections are contested with the party cries which are strange to all ears but those of the ultra-seniors of our generation, and carried by dodges and methods which are now but matters of remote tradition. It might be possible, no doubt, to revivify these fashions of the past, and invest them with a charm of novelty which might kindle the minds of the most blasé novel-readers, so as to appreciate such far away pictures of real life. But the task is not a hopeful one, nor do we think that Mr. Savage will be rewarded for the conscientious and diligent labour he has expended upon the public amusement by any adequate return of gratitude from a body so difficult to please.

There are signs about the present work of a didactic purpose, which, valuable as it is in itself, is hardly of a kind to conciliate the prejudices or disarm the caprices of a generation like our own. The hollowness of talent, however brilliant, without singleness and perseverance, the danger of frittering away gifts and opportunities of fortune for want of high motives and unselfish aims, is a subject almost too widely appropriate to be largely palatable amongst the class who make novel-reading their daily food. Nor is the writer of fiction, again, likely to be thought the most befitting lecturer upon the evils of an overwrought imagination. It is like our philanthropic ale-brewers denouncing malt liquors, from teetotal platforms, as the "armoury of hell." In *Reuben Medlicott*, however, be it said, we shall look in vain for those foul and deleterious ingredients to which the worst evils of the modern class of novels are attributable. It is the simple record of a wasted life—of a career begun with much intellectual and moral promise, but ending in vanity and vexation of spirit. The son of a good commonplace country vicar and a shallow blue-stocking mother, Reuben betrays from the first the effects which might be expected from the weak and vapid virtues of the one, and the shifting educational crochets of the other. With an imagination fed to excess, a slight and nervous physique, and a temperament alive to the delights of the senses no less than those of the intellect, he is kept true to a sense of integrity and honour as much by an innate horror of anything foul or mean as by the simple parental standard of uprightness; while he is guarded from priggishness—the common danger of intellect just raised above that of the narrow circle around it—by an instinct of native elegance and grace. The development of these qualities in the boy is traced with the minute and almost wearisome particularity of Maria Edgeworth, together with the homiletic gravity of *Sandford and Merton*, from the moment when the advent of the youthful prodigy threw the simple vicarage into the same transports of excitement as those which convulsed the household of Mr. Shandy on a similar joyful occasion; while the vaticinations which surround his cradle, and the schemes which are propounded for his education and career, are on a scale of equal seriousness and intricacy. There was "not a branch, not a twig, of the tree of knowledge, within the reach of his feeble wing, on which Reuben Medlicott had not perched and prattled long before he was fully fledged." He derived an early dash of Quakerism from his first preceptress, Hannah Hopkins, the starchest and primmest of Friends—not to speak of the bright eyes of her plump and cosy daughter Mary, whose uncontrollable propensities to laughter were the scandal of the broad-brimmed community. How he gets sent to Hereford School—how his fair and flowing locks are ruthlessly cut by his blustering grandfather, the tyrant of the family, the learned but eccentric Dean Wyndham, who has stern ideas for the boy's

nurture and prospects—how he soon tops the school in boyish attainments, falls in love with "Pale Sherry," as the school has profanely christened Blanche, the youngest and fairest daughter of Mr. Barsac, the bustling and successful wine-merchant, whose dinners and routs are given with the diplomatic purpose of at once puffing his prime vintages and getting off his elder daughters, "Dry Sherry" and "Brown Sherry"—and how Reuben's heart bursts as his boyish flame is carried off on a sudden by his septuagenarian grandfather—are not these things written day by day in the pages of the veracious chronicler? At college, brilliant rather than studious, Reuben makes his principal figure at the Debating Society, dallies alternately with legal and clerical preparation, dabbles in pamphleteering, and quits the University in indecision. Under the auspices of his maternal aunt, the rich and blooming widow Mrs. Mountjoy, he next runs the round of London gaiety, and perfects himself as a master of conversation and rhetorical display. He has a passing fever for legal distinction, and holds a few briefs with success; then shines in the little circle of his kinsfolk and admirers as the "coming man," and swells into the dignity of a legal and political reformer. Contented to live upon the unsubstantial breath of applause, it is his fortune through life to be thought capable of anything, while in fact he is achieving nothing but that evanescent halo which is so promptly dissipated by the simple question, "What has he done?"

There was something in the mind of our "coming man" more French than English in its character. He had the Frenchman's national passion for abstract ideas, that passion which (as Sir James Stephen has truly remarked) animates not the books of the French only, but their discourses in the senate, their speeches at the bar, their conversations in their clubs and salons. Reuben had acquired the habit of making abstractions as other men do the habit of rhyming or joking. He could be transcendental, at a moment's notice, upon anything, or upon nothing at all. His mind, like a distempered stomach, rejected everything solid and substantial. Facts would never lie on it for a moment. It lived upon intellectual trifle and whiff cream, upon half-meanings and no-meanings, with the appetite of a chameleon for air, or the devotion of the comic Socrates to the clouds. In short it was a petticoated mind, floating in muslins, swimming in gauzes, and fluttering with gay ribbons, an admirable mind to bustle and rustle through life with, if life were a conversazione, or the world a mere Debating Society.

Led, half by impulse half by accident, to wed the cosy little Quakeress, Reuben throws away his chances in the matrimonial market, flings himself into politics, agitates for the Poles, the Peace Society, and against the Pope, takes up the cudgels for the Quakers against his grandfather's polemical attack, and by the money and interest of his new friends gets pitchforked into Parliament. His maiden speech on the Address makes a sensation, which his high-flown unpractical rhetoric fails to sustain, and his career as a legislator soon turns out as futile as that at the Bar. Then comes a trip to America, where he stumps the States as a lecturer upon the usual itinerant platform. He comes back to start as Preceptor-General of a Joint-Stock Liberal and Enlightened Education Company, which he breaks up in a couple of years by his crochets; and then doffs the elegant attire of a man of *ton* for the drab of his wife's connexion, and dwindles down into the bore of the meeting and the worn-out hack of the lecture-hall. Unstable as water, he is doomed to excel in nothing; and it is with a sense of relief that we follow him, a prematurely old and broken man, to his last resting-place by his father's side in the quiet churchyard, where a patriarchal raven, who had outlived three or more vicars of Underwood, croaked his requiem.

The most telling character in the book is that of the hearty and strong-willed Dean, who, by a sudden shift of his political coat, more conducive to his interests than consistent with the strength and violence of his opinions, gets himself made Bishop. Burly and loud-voiced, full of learning, powerful in the pulpit and the pamphlet, up to the eyes in building speculations, dictatorial to architects, artisans, and workmen, whom he flouts for a parcel of fools, the old gentleman is one who leaves behind him "the kind of feeling that people are conscious of when a storm has ceased which threatened to pull down their chimneys, and kept them awake the livelong night." Uxorious with his pretty young wife, fondly doting upon his little son Tom, the Bishop maintains, up to the end of nearly a century of life, the type of a brisk and vigorous, while warm-hearted and popular, ecclesiastic. The book would be nothing without him. The other personages are drawn with a degree of skill, and exhibit a sufficiency of contrasts, which prove the author's fertility of conception, though none of them are conspicuous for signal originality or force. As a painter of *genre*, Mr. Savage shows himself happy in delineating subjects of still life. His touch is smooth and even, and there is a finish in his style which is rarely seen in the hasty and glaring productions of modern art. It is to be feared that his work is only too careful and elaborate, and his themes too unsophisticated and pure, to meet with a fitting amount of appreciation among the more startling and sensational fictions of the day.

#### CURTIS' GREEK GRAMMAR.\*

WITH all the progress that has been made in a scientific analysis of Greek, Latin, and English, or rather of that large family of speech to which the classical as well as the

\* *The Student's Greek Grammar.* A Grammar of the Greek Language, by Dr. George Curtius, Professor in the University of Leipzig. Translated under the revision of the Author, and Edited by William Smith, LL.D. London: John Murray.



Teutonic languages belong, it is surprising how little change has as yet been effected in our practical grammars. The grammars of Greek and Latin used in our schools are the same in the main as they were three hundred years ago. Improvements have been introduced here and there, but these refer to minor details only. To a certain extent this could hardly be otherwise. The facts and laws of grammar are immutable, and although a persevering study of the Greek classics may make us more intimately acquainted with the usages of speech, with the fainter shades of meaning of certain words and particles, with the favourite turns of Plato, Thucydides, or Demosthenes, yet, as far as grammar is concerned, all this would redound to the advantage of syntax only; it could not alter one single iota in the paradigms of declension and conjugation. What constitutes the superiority of our modern Greek and Latin grammars as compared with those once patronized by Queen Elizabeth is the more lucid arrangement of rules, a better choice of examples, and, to a certain extent, an attempt to explain and comprehend under more general rules such forms as were put down in the earlier handbooks of the classical languages as simply anomalous. In all other respects Lady Jane Grey learnt the same Greek, and learnt it in the same manner, as the boys now learn it at Eton or Harrow; nay, it would seem that, in spite of the much vaunted improved methods of modern school-books, she made herself a better scholar on her old-fashioned grammars than are turned out now-a-days at our public schools with the help of Wordsworth, Donaldson, or Kennedy.

But, although the facts and laws of language are immutable, the explanation of these facts and laws may change; and it is here that comparative philology might reasonably be expected to come to the assistance of practical grammarians, by opening a new insight into the growth of forms and into the meaning of rules. These forms and rules must first be learnt by heart under all circumstances. Let no one imagine that there is a short cut to Greek and Latin. There is no shorter cut than to learn by heart the declensions and conjugations, regular and irregular, till they are engraven in the memory for life. This is the beginning of all wisdom, and it is certainly the wisest beginning in the study of languages. Boys should learn *amo* and *videtur* as recruits learn the goose-step. They should be drilled till they cannot say it wrong, till it becomes part of themselves, as much as the A B C or the multiplication table. But when that is done, then it is time to awaken an interest in the treasure once acquired—to explain the system, *i.e.* the wisdom, which pervades all these forms, to trace them to their more primitive states, to dissolve them into their constituent elements, and thus in the end to make the pupil understand why it is that *δίδωμι*, *δίδως*, *δίδωσι*, *do*, *das*, *dat*, mean I give, thou givest, he gives; why *δώσω* and *dabo* express futurity; and why *δεδόκαμι*, like *dedit*, conveys the idea of an act accomplished in time to come. Let it not be supposed that these things cannot be taught at school. Though it may be impossible completely to analyse the grammatical and etymological structure of Greek and Latin without taking into account the whole family of Aryan speech, and though the teacher may have to dig out what he wants for his own purposes from books full of Sanskrit, Zend, and Lithuanian, yet the explanations of Greek and Latin forms which have been supplied by Bopp, Benfey, Curtius, and others may be taught as matters of fact without the large apparatus requisite to establish them at first, and chiefly intended to fortify them against every possible doubt and objection. It is, indeed, one of the best tests of the soundness of new discoveries to try whether the facts brought to light by them can be utilized for the purposes of practical instruction; and if it should turn out that the results obtained by a comparative study of languages are useless in the hands of practical teachers, a strong prejudice would justly be raised against the soundness of these results themselves. Truth, under all circumstances, is more easily taught than untruth, and if the Science of Language has opened a way to a truer understanding of the nature of grammatical forms than is to be found in our hereditary school-books, she must not shrink from the ordeal which may fairly be demanded. She must show that her own scientific explanations of declension and conjugation are more simple, more intelligible, and more useful than those which have been handed down to us from the philosophers of Athens and the scholars of Alexandria.

This challenge, as far as Greek is concerned, has been accepted by Professor George Curtius, whose Greek Grammar, after having passed through several editions in Germany, has lately been translated into English, and edited by Dr. W. Smith. Professor Curtius is Professor of Greek at Leipzig. He is a classical scholar by profession, and, unless we are mistaken, he occupies the chair in the University of Leipzig once rendered illustrious throughout Europe by Gottfried Hermann. Professor Curtius, however, has been one of the few classical scholars who, like Otfried Müller, perceived at a glance the great importance of comparative philology, and he has proved by his publications how much may be gained from the study of Sanskrit for a better understanding of the language and thoughts of the ancient poets and philosophers of Greece. Let any scholar who imagines that he may safely shut his eyes against the discoveries made in the field of comparative philology examine the two volumes of Professor Curtius entitled *Grundsätze der Griechischen Etymologie*. A careful perusal of them will convince the most incredulous that the knowledge of Greek hitherto possessed by classical scholars is not much better than a knowledge of French acquired by conversation, or by a study of the French

classics by persons ignorant of Latin. No doubt such a knowledge is in itself extremely valuable. It enables a man to enjoy the excellences of Corneille, and it might even embolden him to compose French verses in imitation of Racine. But such a person would never appreciate the full weight of French words as used by the masters of French style. He would try in vain to comprehend the depth and width of meaning of certain expressions, such as *civilisation*, *liberté*, *justice*, *sénat*, *magistrat*, and many others; and he would completely lose sight of that undercurrent of thought, that distant background of meaning, which constitute the charm of a language enriched and ennobled by a long series of ancestors. In historical languages like French or English, nearly every word seems, like the notes of a musical instrument, to convey to an attentive listener not only its own sound and meaning, but a number of harmonics or by-meanings which, even when not fully realized, impart to each word its peculiar quality or *timbre*. As in French we could not perceive this *timbre* of words without a knowledge of Latin, we cannot in Greek test the ring of words used in the Iliad and the Odyssey without some knowledge of the earlier stages through which Greek had passed before it reached Homer. Those earlier stages are opened to our sight by a comparison of Greek with Sanskrit, and no one who has once honestly examined the evidence that has been collected on this subject during the last fifty years can fail to perceive the value of a knowledge of these etymological antecedents of Greek in appreciating the true character of many of the most difficult words in Homer and Herodotus. It is easy, no doubt, instead of taking the trouble of carefully examining such evidence, to decline it altogether, and to screen one's indolence behind ingenious *à priori* arguments. Did Homer know Sanskrit? was considered for a long time a sufficient answer to silence those who tried to point out the light thrown by Sanskrit on many obscure points in the language and mythology of Homer. The same question, however, would hardly be addressed to those who maintain that it is impossible fully to appreciate the hidden springs of the French language without a knowledge of Latin. No doubt many a French writer is ignorant of Latin. But there is a tradition in a spoken language which guides every writer that can be guided by the unseen hands of what is very properly called the genius of a language. Without learning Latin, a Frenchman, by being a Frenchman, learns to respect those ancient ruins of Latin on which, and from which, the modern structure of his own speech was reared. There is an unbroken chain which connects the Parisian French of the present day with the Latin of the Roman legions settled in Gaul; and though the *gamin* on the boulevards knows nothing of French, and nothing of Latin, grammar, he will talk glibly of *la colonne Vendôme* and *l'arc de triomphe*, making the former a feminine and the latter a masculine, for no other reason than because *colonna* was used as a feminine, and *arcus* as a masculine, by the classical writers of Rome. To an educated Frenchman, of course, such words as *la colonne* and *l'arc de triomphe* convey a much fuller meaning than to a mere clod. They remind him, more or less distinctly, of the column of Trajan, and the triumphal arches of Roman emperors. But even an uneducated Frenchman feels vaguely that *colonne* means more than a mere shaft, and that *arc* is not applicable to every gateway. No language is without this controlling power, this influence of the past acting on the present; and, though Shakspeare probably could not have told why a Norman word here and a Saxon word there were best calculated to do full justice to his thoughts and feelings, his critics and admirers may well try to answer for him, and thus learn to appreciate the manifold rays of light which enter into the lustrous colours of his unrivalled diction. It is the same with every other poet; and even Homer, though no doubt he knew no more of Sanskrit than Shakspeare knew of Anglo-Saxon, was under the influence of those earlier ages of thought and language which preceded him, and which can be studied nowhere but in the collateral literature of ancient India.

In his grammar of the Greek language, Professor Curtius has proved himself a very moderate reformer:—

In selecting and expounding the results of scientific inquiry [he says], I have always kept in view the idea that the grammar was intended for practical use in schools. The first requisite, therefore, was to exclude everything which is beyond the sphere of the school, to explain only that which is necessary, and to admit only that which is absolutely certain. A school-book must speak categorically, must exclude all matters of mere opinion, and has no space for discussion and inquiry. It is, however, perfectly indifferent whether a result has been obtained by special researches into the Greek language, or by the more general inquiries of comparative philology.

If we open his grammar we find the usual headings, *Letters and Sounds, Inflection, Inflection of Nouns, Inflection of Verbs, Syntax*; and we look in vain for that scientific analysis which traces every word to a root, and discovers in every termination the elements which constitute its peculiar power and meaning. We confess that a few chapters on the general principles of comparative grammar, on the position of Greek in the great family of Aryan speech, on the proper relation between Greek and Latin, and between the classical and the Teutonic languages, would, in our opinion, have greatly added to the value of his grammar; nor should we have grudged a few sheets more if thereby the author had been enabled to give some notes on the real process by which the forms of declension and conjugation in Greek are known to have been first elaborated, and to have gradually become what they are in classical writers. Professor Curtius, however, though evidently afraid that discussions of this kind might bewilder the student, has supplied in his other

works—his Essay *Über Tempora und Modi*, his *Grundzüge der Griechischen Etymologie*, and, lastly, in his *Erläuterungen zu meiner Griechischen Schulgrammatik*—all that teachers can require to enable them to use his Greek grammar with advantage to themselves and their pupils.

What distinguishes his grammar from all other Greek grammars is the new arrangement of declension and conjugation, the greater care that is bestowed on the phonetic laws of Greek, and the important chapter on Derivation. Instead of the old first, second, and third declensions, we find nouns divided according to the final letters of their inflective bases. There is, first, a general division into Vowel and Consonant Declensions. The Vowel Declension comprises all stems ending in vowels, except *i* and *y*, and is subdivided into the A Declension, χώρα, γλώσσα, τιμή, νανία, πόλις, and the O Declension, άνθρωπος, δόξ, δῶρον. The Consonant Declension comprehends stems ending in consonants and in the soft vowels, *i*, *y*, and is subdivided into

1. Consonant Stems:—

- a. Guttural and labial stems: φύλαξ, φέψ.
- b. Dental stems: λαμπάς, σῶμα, γέρον, ἡγμών.
- c. Liquid stems: ἄλς, ῥήτωρ, μήτηρ, θήρ.

2. Vowel Stems:

- a. Soft vowel stems: πόλις, σῶς, ἄστυ.
- b. Diphthong stems: βασιλεύς, γράψ, βοῦς.
- c. O stems: πειθώ, ἦρος.

3. Stems suffering elision:—

- a. Sigma stems: γένος, ἐγνήης.
- b. T stems: κίρας, κρίας.
- c. N stems: μίζων.

The simplification brought about by a similar arrangement of verbal stems is even more valuable for the purposes of conjugation. Here the large number of irregular verbs, which in our old grammars were merely put together alphabetically, has been very considerably reduced, so that one may almost hope that at no very distant time it might be said of Greek, as of other languages, that all its verbs are regular. This more rational division of verbs adopted by Professor Curtius was suggested by the system adopted more than two thousand years ago by the native grammarians of India. They discovered that most verbs undergo, in the Present and the Imperfect, certain changes in their inflected bases, and they divided all verbs into ten classes, according to the changes which they undergo in forming these two tenses. Most of these classes exist in Greek, and some new ones had to be added in order to comprehend the immense variety of verbal formations in the classical dialects of Greece. Thus in Sanskrit the root *budh*, to know, forms its present by raising *u* to *o* (*āu*), and the Brahmins said, accordingly, *bodhāmi*, I know, *abodham*, I knew, but *abudham*, the Aorist, I knew. In exactly the same manner the Greeks form the Present and Imperfect of the stem *φύω*, as *φύγω*, *έφυγον*, while the Aorist is *έφυγον*. If this principle is once understood, it is easy to see that *λείπω*, *έλιπον*, *τήκω*, *έτακον*, *πρίθω*, *έπριθον*, &c., all follow the same rule. Traces of the same principle are found in the Latin *dicō*, as compared with *dic* in *judicis* or *causidicus*; in *fido*, as compared with *fides*; in *dūco*, as compared with *dūc*, *dicis*: nay, the difference between *I bite* and *I bit* rests on the same grounds as that between *λείπω* and *έλιπον*. Again, what can be clearer than that forms like *δείκ-νύ-μι*, *έικ-νύ-μεν*, come from the same mould which in Sanskrit yields *chi-nū-mi*, I collect, but *chi-nū-mas*, we collect? Verbs like *dad*, to give, are reduplicated in Sanskrit in the Present and Imperfect, not in the Aorist. Hence *dadāmi*, I give, *adadām*, I gave, but *adām*, Aorist, I gave. Exactly the same in Greek: *δίδωμι*, I give, *έδιδων*, I gave, but Aorist *έδωκ*.

Sometimes a mere application of the phonetic laws of the Greek language is sufficient to remove the apparent irregularities of Greek verbs. What can at first sight be more anomalous than *έχω*, I hold, Imp. *έχον*, Aor. *έσχον*, Fut. *έξω*? Yet all these forms become regular as soon as they are traced back to the Sanskrit root *śah*, to hold out. Sanskrit initial *s* is represented in Greek by the aspir. Hence *έχω* would be the regular form corresponding to Sanskrit *śahāmi*, only that the phonetic rule which in Greek forbids the aspiration at the beginning of two successive syllables reduces *έχω* to *έχω*. From this stem *σχ* by syncope came *ί-σχ-ον*, the Sanskrit *asaham*. In the future the aspiration of the final *χ* is swallowed up by the *c*; hence, as there is nothing to necessitate the suppression of the initial aspirate, it remains in the Future *έξω*. The secondary form *έσχον*, again, is nothing but a reduplicated Present. From *σχ* the Greeks formed *σίσχω*, as from *γεν*, *γίγνομ*, contracting both, however, at once into *σίσχω* and *γίγνομ*. The form *σίσχω* became *έσχω*, and this, according to the rule just mentioned, had necessarily to be changed into *έχω*. No power on earth, however, could reduce anomalous forms such as *έθιω* and *έφαγον* to one common root. They must be treated like the English *I go*, *I went*—namely, as radically distinct, and as restricted by usage to certain tenses and moods. *έθιω* is connected with the Sanskrit *ad-mi*, Latin *edo*, I eat; *έθιω*, or the Homeric *έθιω*, standing for *έθ-ιω*, and *έθ-ιω*. The Future *έθωμαι*, the Perfect *έθ-έδοκα*, likewise spring from *έθ*, to eat. The Aorist *έφαγον*, on the contrary, points to Sanskrit *bhaj*, to divide, which, by an idiomatic whim, was retained in this one tense with the meaning of eating.

All these matters may well be taught at school; in fact, they form a necessary antidote against the otherwise illogical and bewildering mass of information with which the memory of boys

has necessarily to be burdened when they first learn by rote the elements of Greek and Latin. Professor Curtius says very truly, "Memory can neither accurately grasp the great variety of Greek forms nor retain them, unless it be supported by an analysing and combining intelligence, which furnishes, as it were, the hooks and cement to strengthen that which has been learned, and permanently to impress it upon the mind." But if this is so, why not gratify "the analysing and combining intelligence" of boys by telling them, after they have once mastered the various forms of the Present, the Perfect, the Aorist, and the Future, how such forms came to be what they are? No doubt boys will submit to be taught, as they have been taught for centuries, that the Future in Greek, instead of being expressed by an auxiliary verb, such as I shall, is indicated by some change at the end of the verb. But what ideas can a boy connect with such a statement, what discipline can it be to his reasoning faculties, if he is simply made to repeat *δίδωμι*, I give; *έδωκ*, I shall give? We cannot repeat it too often that the beginning must be made by this purely mechanical process—that boys must first learn their paradigms without any exercise of their reasoning powers. But, after having done so, they ought to be rewarded as a conjurer rewards his bewildered audience, by showing them the secret of some of his tricks. Grammar ought not to be allowed to remain a mere puzzle which a boy solves mechanically. A boy's face will light up with intelligent surprise if you tell him that the Greeks could no more form their Future without an auxiliary verb than he can; that in the earliest days the ancestors of the Greeks, when they wished to express a future act, said I go to do, just as the French, even at the present day, say, *Je vais faire*. These same ancestors of the Greeks employed the auxiliary verb *as*, to be, which still exists in Greek *εἰμι*, i.e. *εἰμι*, and in Sanskrit *as-mi*, I am. If they wished to express an event that had not yet happened, but was going to happen, they joined their root *as*, to be, with the root *yā*, to go, and thus formed a compound *as-yā-mi*, I go to be, I shall be. This *as-yā-mi* exists in Greek, only with the Middle instead of the Active terminations, in the Homeric *έσομαι*, afterwards shortened to *έσομαι*; for Sanskrit *as* is pronounced in Greek *as*. Well, this verbal compound, *as-yā-mi*, I go to be, shortened to *as-yā-mi*, is added in Sanskrit to any verbal stem in order to impart to it a future meaning. Thus *dad*, the stem of *dadāmi*, I give, takes *as-yā-mi*, and then as *dāsyāmi* means I shall give, lit. I go to be giving, *dāsyāmas*, we shall give, lit. we go to be giving. Now, under what form can this *dāsyāmi*, I shall give, appear in Greek? There is a Doric Future *έω-σιω*, I shall give, which comes as close as possible to Sanskrit *dāsyāmi*, if we only remember that Greek has thrown off *mi* as the termination of the first person singular. In common Greek, however, the *i*, which represents the Sanskrit *y*, is lost altogether, thus leaving us *έδωκ*, I shall go, lit. I go to be giving. If a Greek stem ends in a consonant, the *s* is joined to it according to the general rules affecting the combination of consonants in Greek. After *λ*, *μ*, *ν*, *ρ*, however, a connecting vowel was inserted. As in Sanskrit, from *tan*, to extend, we have the future *tan-i-shyāmi*, so in Greek there was originally a future *τεν-ι-σιω*. This became *τεν-ι-σιω*. But *s* between two vowels is lost in Greek, as, for instance, *γένος*, Dat. *γένεσι* = *γένεσι*. According to the same rule, *τεν-ι-σιω* became *τεν-ι-σιω*, *τεν-ι-σιω*, with the accent on the last syllable, in token of the loss of a syllable and the contraction that had taken place in times far beyond the reach of Homer or Hesiod.

One more remark. The *s* between two vowels, which in Greek is lost, appears in Latin as *r*. Hence Latin *gener-i*, instead of *genes-i*, corresponding to Greek *γένεσι*, *γένεσι*. Applying this rule to the Future *as-yā-mi*, we should expect in Latin *ero*, corresponding to Greek *έσω* or *έσομαι*. After this, ask any intelligent boy to account for the formation of the Future Perfect *έδωδωκα* and the Latin Futurum exactum *dederō*, and he will, without much hesitation, make the same discovery which was made by Professor Bopp many years ago in his first analysis of the system of conjugation common to all the members of the great Aryan family of speech—namely, that in both these forms the stem is that of the Perfect, whereas the termination is that of the Future, *σομαι* in Greek, *ro* in Latin, both corresponding to the Sanskrit *as-yā-mi*, which *as-yā-mi* is a compound of *as* and *yā-mi*, I go to be.

LINDISFARN CHASE.\*

MR. RUSKIN somewhere speaks of the sense of power which is conveyed to his mind by a few random sentences of the conversations between Guy Mannering and Mr. Pleydell. They talk nothing but trifles, but the reader feels by a kind of instinct that it is just these trifles which actually passed between them. They could, perhaps, have been made to say better things, but the words which might be substituted would not be the real words they said. The imagination of a great artist recognises no various readings, and admits of no appeal from its own version of the facts. It does not concern itself with what people might have done or ought to have done; it tells you simply what they did. An ingenious person could suggest numberless good reasons why the most uneducated clown may admire the performance of a great actor, but we never doubt that the real Partridge thought Garrick a very paltry fellow. The writer is not his own master. The

\* *Lindisfarn Chase*. By Thomas Adolphus Trollope. London: Chapman & Hall. 1864.



Muse is impatient of being controlled, even by her own interpreter, and what she puts into his mouth that he must speak. When Thackeray, speaking as a third person, criticizes the people he has himself created, we can sometimes see from his comments that the character he has drawn is something different from the character he meant to draw. "I strayed into a little wood; and, coming out of it presently, told how the story had been revealed to me somehow." That is his account of how he came to write the *Newcomes*, and it is the same with every real artist in his degree. Even a novel, if it is not in some sort a revelation, will be wanting in reality. Other merits it may have in abundance. Fertility of invention will enable a man to construct a story; knowledge of life will help him to speculate how the characters he has determined to paint would be likely to act under given circumstances; fancy, or wit, or humour may furnish whole pages of dialogue to put into their mouths; and in any, nay in all, of these respects the novel written without imagination may be superior to the novel written with it. But there will still be a great gulf between the two. The former will want the one key which can unlock the imaginary past. It will be at best a clever fiction, a cunningly devised fable.

Of this class of novels *Lindisfarn Chase* is a notable example. Everything that can be done by sheer hard work has been done thoroughly and conscientiously, but the effect on the reader resembles that which some music has on a listener. It only makes him feel that, with the same amount of training, he could compose as good himself. The proportions of the story are admirably kept. There are the right number of people in it—enough to make it lively, and not so many as to make it confusing. They come on the stage at the right time; their conversation either contributes to the development of their characters, or helps to work out the plot; their dispositions and conduct are described with considerable skill. And yet, somehow, they are only clever puppets. They have their being in the book, but they neither live nor move there. It is to this want of reality, perhaps, that a certain air of vulgarity which is perceivable in Mr. T. A. Trollope's women is, in part at least, to be attributed. Unfortunately, this characteristic is most apparent in his professed heroine. Kate Lindisfarn is a young lady of a type which, though it may be very charming in real life, is apt to be a little offensive in fiction. In a novel, we mainly judge a woman by her conversation. All the nameless softening and correcting influences which tend to modify our judgment in actual intercourse are wanting here. Instead of interpreting what she says by what she is, we are compelled to interpret what she is by what she says. This is one of the points which an author too often forgets. He knows that a pretty face and a ladylike manner can reduce to simple piquancy much that without these additions would be absolute vulgarity, and he fancies that a mere description of his heroine's charms will have the same effect on the reader as an actual inspection of them. At least some such reason as this is the only excuse we can imagine for the somewhat coarse and unpleasing heroines of many novels of the day. We do not mean that Mr. Trollope has made Kate Lindisfarn a fast young lady; we only say that he has contrived to invest her, on her first introduction to the reader, with a species of mannerism which is to the mind what a fixed colour is to the face. Perhaps the worst thing she actually does is to call her father by his abbreviated Christian name, which, as everyone about her does the same, can hardly be reckoned a very grave offence; and we are bound to admit that the reader's dislike to her wears off as he gets on in the story. It is possible, too, that her sins ought all to be laid to the charge of another of Mr. Trollope's favourites, "the Dowager Lady Farnleigh," a buxom widow of five-and-forty, richly endowed with the offensive vivacity characteristic of her age and position. Lady Farnleigh is Kate's godmother, and we will quote one specimen of her conversation:—

"Why Kate," cried Lady Farnleigh, in a clear, ringing, cheery voice, that would have been good to any amount as a draft for sympathy on any one within earshot, "why Kate, as I am a sinner, if there is not Freddy Falconer coming along the road on his cob, looking for all the world, of course, as if he had been just taken out of the bandbox in which the London tailor had sent him down for the enlightenment of us natives. Shall we run, Kate, like naughty girls, as we are; shall we show our Silverton *arbitrarius* a clean pair of heels; or boldly stay and abide the ordeal?"

"Oh, I vote for standing our ground," answered Kate. "I see no reason for running away," she added, laughing, but with a somewhat heightened colour in her cheek.

"To be sure, what is Freddy Falconer to you, or you to Freddy Falconer? Them's your sentiments, as old Gaffer Miles says, eh Kate? Who's afraid? I am sure I am not," replied Lady Farnleigh.

Perhaps we may be unreasonably squeamish, but we own that even to read such a conversation as this excites a vehement desire that St. Paul's rule against women speaking in church were extended, in the case of widows, to women speaking out of church.

In spite of his sex, Mr. Trollope is to some extent infected with that feminine and, if we may venture to say so, unhealthy disposition to create moral dilemmas which characterizes so much of the novel-writing of the present day. The story turns, in a great measure, upon an alleged necessity, on the part of the heroine, to sacrifice her happiness to her conscience. Owing to the supposed death of a cousin, Kate Lindisfarn and her sister Margaret have been brought up as the co-heiresses of Lindisfarn Chase. It turns out, however, one day that the Julian Lindisfarn whom every one believes to have been killed by the Red Indians is still alive, and he suddenly reappears in the person of a wounded smuggler who has been brought to a cottage near the Chase. Here he reveals himself to Kate, and exacts from her a promise

not to disclose the fact that he is alive, except to her sister Margaret, until he either dies of his wound or recovers sufficiently to be removed. This interval of enforced silence, short as it proves to be, is long enough to reduce Miss Lindisfarn to very great straits. A certain Captain Ellingham has been for some time in love with her, and he unfortunately chooses the very day after her visit to the cottage for the purpose of making her an offer. She cannot accept him, as she wishes to do, because he, in common with all the world, is under the mistaken belief that she is an heiress; and her promise of secrecy prevents her from disclosing the real ground of her refusal. Accordingly she rejects him unconditionally, and tells him she can give him no hope. Considering that Kate knows, when she says this, that in a month's time her cousin will be away, and her promise no longer binding, and considering also that she does not in the least suspect Captain Ellingham of proposing to her for the sake of her money, this way of putting the case involves an utterly gratuitous and absurd sacrifice of the happiness of both. It is very difficult to see why Miss Lindisfarn could not have thrown an amount of uncertainty into her answer which would have left Captain Ellingham free either to renew his offer after her real position had been made public, or to seek a richer wife elsewhere. All that she was bound to do, in consequence of her promise to Julian Lindisfarn, was not to communicate the fact that she was no longer an heiress, and not to accept an offer which was made in ignorance of the change. But there was nothing to prevent her telling Captain Ellingham the plain truth that, for reasons she could not disclose, she was unable to give him an answer then, and that he would therefore be perfectly at liberty not to mention the subject to her again if he thought fit to take that course. Such a commonplace way of getting out of the difficulty would, as it seems to us, have been at once more straightforward and more considerate than the alternative of an unconditional refusal, though it would certainly be inconsistent with the theory, so dear to a certain school of novelists, which regards a lover simply as a victim given to a young lady for the express purpose of being sacrificed to an exaggerated or imaginary sense of duty.

The real interest of *Lindisfarn Chase*, however, centres not in Kate, but in Margaret. She has been educated in France, and has brought thence a very decided conviction that the first duty of a properly behaved young person is to marry well. When, therefore, she hears of her cousin being alive, her first thought is how to turn to the best account the short remaining time during which she will still be esteemed one of the heiresses of the Chase. Mr. Frederic Falconer, the son of a banker in the neighbouring town of Silverton, is quite as ready to propose to her as Captain Ellingham is to propose to Kate, and Margaret finds little difficulty in providing him with an opportunity of doing so. But even when this is effected, and their engagement announced, her mind is not at ease. It seems impossible, in the regular course of things, to get the marriage over before the disclosure of Julian Lindisfarn's being alive, and Margaret knows Mr. Falconer quite well enough to feel sure that his views will be entirely changed by this unpleasant resurrection. It happens, too, that for different reasons the gentleman is just as anxious to hurry matters as the lady, and the interview between them, in which each is longing to bring about, and afraid to hint at, an elopement, is exceedingly well done. Indeed, the character of this young lady is satisfactory throughout. It is true that, when she is first introduced, the reader can hardly repress a fear that she may be reserved for some startling crime; but it is all the more consoling to find, as the story goes on, that she contemplates nothing worse than the deception of a lover who is perfectly able to take care of himself, and who has every intention of deceiving her in, or rather before, his turn. In short, Margaret Lindisfarn goes a long way towards redeeming the character of a novel which, if it were not for her, would, notwithstanding many good points, be decidedly heavy reading.

#### MEMOIRS, MISCELLANIES, AND LETTERS OF THE LATE LUCY AIKIN.\*

TO some of our readers Lucy Aikin will very possibly be a new name; to others, one so old that the wonder will be how it comes to be revived now; while the better informed will have been prepared for the indispensable Memoir and Remains which in these days are as necessary a testimony to a departed literary celebrity as an entry in the newspaper obituary. The present volume tells us as little as memoir can of the life of its subject. It does little, indeed, beyond informing us that she was born in 1781, and died in 1864—giving some account of her parentage, with a record of removals from "the blue bed to the brown," from Stoke Newington to Hampstead, and from Wimbledon to Hampstead back again—inserting a few pages of infantine autobiography, and naming the friends with whom she associated. But from these meagre facts, helped out by her letters and some experiments in essay writing, we derive a sufficiently definite idea of a literary woman of a type quite distinct from any to be met with now, and yet clearly the precursor of a prominent school of female writers among ourselves. Lucy Aikin, niece of Mrs. Barbauld, was one of a remarkable family to whom "talent was an inheritance." Her father, Dr. Aikin (Editor of the *Athenaeum*), and her two brothers, were all distinguished both in literature and

\* *Memoirs, Miscellanies, and Letters of the late Lucy Aikin.* Edited by Philip Hemery Le Breton. London: Longman & Co. 1864.

science. She came into the world with a name, and a circle of admirers ready to gather round her. An Aikin, as such, was expected, in a particular set, to be remarkable in some department, and she did not disappoint expectation. Some persons rebel against a part thus laid out for them, but Miss Aikin accepted it at once. All her life she felt herself to be a marked member of a distinguished circle, and the impression imparted weight and dignity to her character. She was one of the many people who owe much to their deficiencies. Sense was her forte, and she was more conspicuously sensible, both in her own and others' eyes, from not possessing a touch of genius. Cultivating her powers to the utmost, and of a temper to see things at their brightest, she was too merely sensible to know how far she came short when she had done her best, and therefore she escaped discouragement. She took all the praise she got simply, and without misgiving, and was modestly thankful to have her due. Thus sustained, she succeeded in working out her ideal life. We find no sentimental complaints of the world's hollowness; her family, her friends, her society, her pursuits, her success, all satisfied her. It is remarkable how much a theory of life can do for minds of a certain strength and docility combined—minds that are able at once to adopt the opinions of a school without doubt or question, and to make the best of them. Miss Aikin worked out the Unitarian social theory, was one of its model women, and so far personified that theory that we regret that no portrait or description of her face and person enables us to picture her to ourselves in this aspect.

People who are conscious of always doing their utmost, and always attaining their ends, can scarcely avoid a certain smugness of tone when self is the subject. We do not say that Miss Aikin talks too much about herself; yet, whenever self is touched on, we are struck with a serenity and complacency which are unusual in the treatment of such a theme. It is said of one of the West India islands, that all the little boys there are very good, and all know it. This strikes us as Miss Aikin's case. She tells us, for instance, that at three years old she escaped two dangers. Her grandmother once called her dunce, which might have had the effect of discouraging her if repeated, but happily it never was repeated; and, on the other hand, the world flattered the "rosy child of three" till she might have been totally spoilt, if her mother had not taught her what flattery was, and warned her not to be led away by it. Again, a year or two later, she remembered expressing herself with such warmth and spirit in an appeal to the parental authority against her brother, on the occasion of his eating more than his share of tart, that her father exclaimed—

"Why, Lucy, you are quite eloquent!" O never-to-be-forgotten praise! Had I been a boy, it might have made me an orator; as it was, it excited me to exert to the utmost, by tongue and pen, all the power of words I possessed, or could ever acquire. I had learned where my strength lay.

Later on in life, when she was beginning to be a lion on her own account, she writes from Edinburgh to her father, after having surprised the literary ladies there by some culinary accomplishment:—

I never feel the value of the knowledge that you and my dear mother have been at such pains to instil into me so much as when I am among strangers, and find myself capable of improving them in something useful or ornamental. Then, when I meet with any commendations, and people say, "How did you learn it?" what a proud delight have I in answering—my father taught me this, my mother that, one of my brothers informed me of such a thing; in short, not only the foundation stone, but every other in the fabric of my mind and manners, was laid by an honoured and a loving hand—no mercenary touched it.

In something of the same strain is her testimony to her aunt Barbara's hymns in prose—compositions inconceivably rapid to some tastes. "They taught me piety."

We cannot, however, doubt that all the pains lavished by herself and others on her training were well bestowed. At a time when conversation and social intercourse were still arts, she could play her part with distinguished credit. We see that eminent men sought her society, and talked their best before her, while she was the acknowledged equal of the more conspicuous lights of her own sex. After an experience of fifty years, she exclaims with rapture to Dr. Channing, "Oh, the noble, the glorious, beings whom it has been my privilege to see and know! What would life be without the commerce of superior minds, what earth without the salt of the earth?" And the catalogue of her friends really excuses the tone of exultation. We have Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Somerville, Priestley, Professor Smyth, Roscoe, Hallam, Rogers, Wishaw, William Taylor, Sir H. Holland, Denman, Brougham, Malthus, Harriet Martineau, with occasional glimpses of Scott, Wordsworth, Jeffrey, and a host of others. Her privileges in the way of good talk were really remarkable, and no one values this like a clever woman, or perhaps is a better judge of it. Thus, in 1827, she goes to Cambridge with some friends, and writes:—

The Professor [Smyth] gave us two grand dinners, and assembled several of the brightest stars of the University to meet us. . . . We had also Sedgwick, Woodwardian Professor, and the great mathematician Whewell. These two are intimate friends, and a good deal alike in their cast of mind and manners. That is to say, they are very clever and able men of that kind of which Mr. Brougham is the great exemplar—men of wonderful energy and activity of mind, profound in one or two branches of knowledge, and ignorant of none, whose conversation teems with allusions drawn from the most various and distant sources, illustrating bright and original ideas of their own; men to whom it is a delight, but not a relaxation, to listen—whose thoughts flow almost too rapidly for language to overtake them, whose ideas come crowding and jostling like a crowd in a narrow gate. For Mr. Brougham, the experience of the world, and the habit of applying his eloquence to practical points of law and politics, on which it is his business to talk down to very

ordinary capacities, has moderated the exuberance which reigns unchecked in these academics; but if any form of circumstances could have tied him down to a college life he would have been such as one of these.

Nor does her appreciation of her own clever set blind her to its arrogance. Dr. Channing has made some inquiries, to which she replies (1830):—

I have heard the two works you mention spoken of with high praise by a few good judges, but I have not yet seen them; the author, I am told, is a Mr. Bailey, of Sheffield, but this is all I can learn. You cannot conceive how much the lettered aristocracy of London society disdains to know anything of provincial genius or merit, at least in any but the most popular branches of literature. Montgomery, a Sheffield poet, being also an Evangelical, is tolerably well known in London, and may in some companies be slightly mentioned without committing the speaker. But a Sheffield metaphysician!—bold were the London diner-out who would dare not to be ignorant of him. You once observed to me that everywhere the sovereign is worshipped; with us that sovereign is an idol called Gentility, and costly are the offerings laid upon the altar. Dare to make conversation in the most accomplished society something of an exercise of the mind, and not a mere dissipation, and you constantly become that thing of horror—a bore.

Perhaps the London dinner-table was jealous of the greatest lions of all out of its own set. Miss Aikin meets (1815) Walter Scott and his daughter (afterwards Mrs. Lockhart), and is not as enthusiastic in her tone as we might have expected. She thinks the lion of the day did not utter such roarings as her next neighbour, Mr. Sotheby, and she talks of Scott with a little air of patronage:—

He (Scott) was delighted to see my aunt, and paid her great attention, which I was very glad of. He told her that "Tramp, tramp," "Splash, splash," Taylor's "Lenora," which she had carried into Scotland to Dugald Stuart many years ago, was what made him a poet. I heard him tell a story or two with a dry kind of humour for which he is distinguished; and though he speaks very broad Scotch, is a heavy-looking man, and has little the air of a gentleman, I was much pleased with him; he is lively, spirited, and quite above all affectation. . . . A lady next Sotheby asked him if he did not think we could see by Mr. Scott's countenance, if *Waverley* were mentioned, whether he was the author? "I don't know," said Mr. S.; "we will try." So he called out from the bottom of the table to the top, "Mr. Scott, I have heard there is a new novel coming out by the author of *Waverley*; have you heard of it?" "I have," said the minstrel, "and I believe it." He answered very steadily, and everybody cried out directly, "O, I am glad of it!" "Yes," said Mr. Wishaw, "I am a great admirer of those novels;" and we began to discuss which was the best of the two. But Scott kept out of this debate, and had not the assurance to say any handsome things of the works, though he is not the author—O no! for he denies them.

In religion, politics, and liberal views generally, Miss Aikin was throughout her long life faithful to the teaching of her youth; no rebellious or perverse originality struck out new theories, or inspired mistrust of the old ones. Any one who has glanced through her *Charles I.* will have been impressed with her implicit one-sidedness, her democratic suspicion of kingcraft, her abhorrence of establishments, clergy, and bishops. But she was also candid; in a sense, she thought for herself, and learnt much from experience. All this of course shows itself more in private correspondence than when she feels herself the responsible mouth-piece of a party. In her letters we mark not a few changes. She begins life a stauncher republican than she ends it. It is hard to think much of manner, and to remain at heart an enemy of the aristocracy. It is hard to receive civilities from fine people and not be won over. In one of her didactic essays, it is true, she fights against the inevitable consequences of differences of rank, and reproves a young lady for expecting her dressmaker to receive her orders standing; but she privately tells Dr. Channing:—

You cannot, without seeing it, imagine the charm which waits upon a patroness of Almack's. Perfect good breeding is a beautiful thing to behold, and no *fine art* deserves to be more studied.

Very plainly telling him, on his claiming superior refinement for his countrywomen, that he had seen none of our ladies of rank. Her correspondence of sixteen years with Dr. Channing, in itself a testimony to remarkable qualities, was instrumental to a growing moderation of views and tone of thought, fostering her patriotism at some sacrifice of party spirit. The letters are compositions, as they ought to be. A woman aiming to keep a distinguished man, many thousand miles distant, *au courant* of all that was passing in England, was bound to take pains and do her best. The correspondence, indeed, was semi-official, for the Duke of Sussex, wishing to convey a message of civility to Channing, sends it through Miss Aikin, who is naturally pleased to convey to her friend this testimony to his appreciation in England—as pleased to send us, we have little doubt, the distinguished democrat was to receive it. One effect of this intercourse was a softer tone. After all, to hate bishops and to denounce priestcraft is not to destroy the womanly nature. The moment Miss Aikin came under interesting clerical influence, she felt its power. A good woman is never quite happy without her favourite minister; and Dr. Channing professed a spirituality in religion which was new to her, who, till she became acquainted with him, had aimed at the old Roman virtue, had doubted whether prayer was not a weakness, and had roundly expressed her contempt for Bonaparte, in 1814, for allowing himself to be taken alive—for "not extorting from us one phrase of admiration by a death generously voluntary, like that of Otho." Her letters are decidedly coloured by the consciousness that she is addressing a pastor. Little confessions and regrets slip from her which she would have felt to be wholly out of place in addressing a lay friend; and in reporting to him a little bevy of strong-minded feminine admirers, ready in many points to take their cue from him, the fervour of her tone shows the subtle influence at work. "How," she asks—

can you for a moment doubt the great, the inestimable good you are working on many minds, in many lands? I must write to you a little more



on this subject, and tell you what I think your greatest triumph, or at least that which most interests me, and it will lead me to a great topic hitherto untouched between us. The impression you have produced on the minds of women is one for which I bless God from the bottom of my heart. I need not tell you how precious your teaching is in the eyes of Joanna Bailie, and I have long since, I think, told you that admirable Mrs. Somerville was your zealous disciple. I have now to mention that you have another in Mrs. Marcet.

We can only hope he was not insensible to so august a trio of disciples.

Miss Aikin was so far a new light as to be very zealous for the rights of women; and she expresses herself on this subject in a tone which connects her with the party who have lately made themselves so busy. She is supercilious on conjugal obedience, laments over the merely domestic interests of her countrywomen, complains of their invincible prejudices, their frivolous and grovelling sentiments, and wishes they were taught the Latin classics, which at least might inspire them with a little patriotism, without which they can never deserve the friendship, whatever they may obtain of the love, of noble-minded men. She objects, at one time, to women visiting the poor, lest they should become as blindly prejudiced as the objects of their charitable sympathies; and, in fact, when in this groove, she runs on like any strong-minded sister of either hemisphere. But this tone is more imbibed from others than really part of herself.

The book is full of curious little notices of how the literary world looked upon current events in the stirring years from 1830 to 1850. Miss Aikin especially reports the disgust of her set at the inroad of tract literature. She and Hallam, in 1832, croaked together over the hundreds of thousands of penny magazines and cyclopædias; and a year or two afterwards she still laments that literature is swamped between politics and theology. "You may inquire in vain for light reading." "We can scarcely find new works sufficient to keep our Book Society alive." "I suppose people will be tired of twopenny tracts ere long, and then there will again be a demand for books." Her contempt for theology does not allow her to enter further into the tracts which no doubt, of all others, were to her the greatest and most irritating portent—the *Tracts for the Times*. Altogether we can recommend this book to the reader as a pleasant contribution to the history of our own times. It is full of allusions to people and things of lasting interest, and is written with a clearness and correctness of style which we must be allowed to call unusual among female writers.

#### LA FEMME DANS L'HUMANITÉ.\*

A TREATISE on Woman, with special reference to Mdlle. Ninon de l'Enclos and other ladies of historical frailty, it would occur, probably, to no one but a Frenchman to write. And no one but a very ingenious Frenchman would venture on such a paradox as to say that the celebrated courtesan in question improved the morals of her age. M. de Pompery is very susceptible to female attractions. He can condone anything in a pretty woman. Chivalry seems to have entered on a new phase in these latter days. The fair sinner can no longer reckon on finding a knight to break a lance in honour of her charms, but she is pretty sure, if sufficiently conspicuous, of some kindly biographer who will do her the more substantial service of whitewashing her memory. Upon M. de Pompery her moral delinquencies make no more impression than water upon a duck's back. Mary Stuart's insincerity, Madame de Longueville's gallantries, the ill-regulated passions of Mdlle. de l'Espinasse, are all matters of trivial, or at any rate of secondary, import. They were beautiful women, and beauty, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. Nor is beauty regarded in these instances merely as an extenuating circumstance. In the view of M. de Pompery, it is an essential part of woman's nature. It is that which makes her what she is. "*La beauté*," he says, "*est tellement la première raison d'être de la femme, que si la beauté lui fait défaut, ses qualités s'effacent, et que lorsqu'elle resplendit, ses imperfections disparaissent.*" This is very comfortable doctrine for the well-favoured portion of the fair sex, but it is a little harsh towards those whose personal endowments are less remarkable. Madame de Staël, for instance, was not beautiful, yet one would hardly, on that account, blot out her name in the catalogue of womankind. M. de Pompery seems to have a lurking suspicion that the facts do not exactly square with his theory. When he comes to reduce his work into the form of a series of axioms, he materially enlarges that hard saying of his, that woman and beauty are convertible terms. Every woman, he says, either *believes herself*, is, or *ought to be* beautiful. This is a very elastic proposition, to which no one need take exception. It is virtually an admission of the existence of those diversities of female attractiveness which M. de Pompery seemed, in his impulsive gallantry at starting, to ignore. The plainest woman may labour under the delusion that she is beautiful, and if not, one may say without impiety that it would be more in accordance with the fitness of things if she were beautiful.

According to M. de Pompery, there are two sides of woman's character—one the active or positive, the other the passive or negative. She both moulds, and is moulded by, society. Beauty is the instrument by which she makes her influence felt. *Comme beauté, elle fait l'homme*. The natural man admires force. He acquires this notion of himself. It is from woman that he derives

his first idea of the beautiful. In his chapter on human beauty, M. de Pompery traces the origin and growth of the "*culte du beau*." The savage begins by an awkward attempt to beautify himself. He paints his face and tattoos his skin. The result is a horrible caricature of the beautiful. But, as he gains in enlightenment and civilization, he recognises his mistake in seeking the adornment of his own person. It is the concern of woman to be beautiful, not his. She is charm, while he is force. From the moment that this grand discovery dawns upon him, a new life, as it were, takes possession of him. All his energies are henceforth directed into a new channel. A fresh impulse is given to his exertions. He has an immediate object for his labour and ingenuity—to minister to the pleasure and beauty of the graceful being at his side. The mainspring of art and industry is female beauty. Artists, poets, artisans, all set to work to pay homage to beauty, to extend its sphere of action, and illuminate the world with that splendid manifestation of life, the beautiful in the human species. There is something rather whimsical in this attempt to enrol the ladies among the earliest apostles of the Manchester school of ideas. We have read of woman in the capacity of *terribilis causa*, but M. de Pompery evidently considers her a chief instrument in the ultimate pacification of the world. If this happy consummation should ever be attained, it will probably be by other influences than mere female beauty. Before attributing to the fair sex this grand regenerating power, we ought to know in what beauty consists. If it be the one essential and universal attribute of woman, there ought to be some common standard whereby to judge of it. It is easy to define woman as beauty, but will M. de Pompery go on to specify what constitutes beauty in woman? Unless he does so, he is only defining an obscure term *per obscurius*. As a matter of fact and of history, there is no point about which so much difference of opinion exists. The many anomalies in the moral sense of mankind have been often pointed out by psychologists and philosophers. In the field of aesthetics there is even less unanimity. As regards female beauty, no two nations, no two generations of the same nation, think alike. Dutch beauty is one thing, and Italian another, and the English type differs from both. The difference between these is as nothing compared with the difference which exists between the European ideal and the Melanesian or Andamanese. The notion of the beautiful in woman entertained by our early Hanoverian monarchs was as radically opposed to that of the bulk of their subjects as their notion of the delectable in oysters. Beauty, or rather its embodiment in woman, is eminently an affair of fashion and circumstance; and as they change, it changes too. The type of beauty adopted by one generation becomes a puzzle and stumbling-block to the succeeding. How often it happens, when the portrait of some historical beauty has been disinterred, that the first sensation is one of wonder at the taste of her contemporaries. Different classes, again, of the same community have different standards of loveliness, and their different predilections. What is the perfection of refinement to one class becomes the perfection of insipidity to another. In short, female beauty is purely subjective. The association of certain outlines, or a certain expression, with the idea of the beautiful depends on the idiosyncrasy of the person who so associates them. Far be it from us to grudge the fair sex any of the pretty things which M. de Pompery says about them. But he would do well to confine himself to rhapsody. To represent mere physical beauty as the *raison d'être* of woman is as derogatory to her real dignity as it is unphilosophical.

But there is also a passive side to woman's character. If the charm of her presence, and her instinctive desire to please, are important agencies in the civilization of the human race, on the other hand her impressionability lays her, as it were, at the mercy of her immediate surroundings. For a being so constituted, says M. de Pompery, there is no Good or Evil, or False or True. All is relative to the circumstances in which she is placed, and they are continually altering. With as much variableness as a crowd or a child—swayed, like them, by the impression of the moment—she shatters the idol which she just now adored, and exalts what she had cast down. By virtue of this impressionability she reflects much more closely than man the epoch in which she exists. Nor is it only that the present mirrors itself in her. She is not merely an echo of the times. The society in which her lot is cast sets its mark upon her, moulds her character, makes her what she is. There have been many believers in fatalism, but M. de Pompery is the first writer whom we remember to have limited the necessitarian theory to the fair sex. It does his gallantry great credit to have hit on so ingenious a way of relieving them from the odium of any little moral obliquities that might possibly be laid to their charge. The incessant action of society shapes woman after its own image. She cannot escape from influences that press from every side on her variable and plastic nature. As society is, so will woman be. This is either a truism, or a fallacy of the most dangerous kind. In the mouth of M. de Pompery, it must be regarded as the latter. His doctrine strikes at the root of individual responsibility, for it comes very much to this—that woman has no free will of her own, or cannot exercise it against the overwhelming pressure of the social atmosphere which surrounds her. In referring, for instance, to Mary Stuart, M. de Pompery observes that one forgives her, not only on account of her beauty, but because all that was ignoble in her conduct belonged to the horrible age in which she lived. Her beauty was her own, her vices those of her century. It has been the fashion for the apologists of the unhappy Queen to maintain her innocence of the murder of her husband. M. de

\* *La Femme dans l'Humanité*. Par Edouard de Pompery. Paris: Hachette et Co. 1864.

Pompery assumes her guilt, but coolly attributes it to the state of contemporary society. We cannot guess at the results of his historical research, but we certainly never heard that it was a common occurrence for royal ladies in the sixteenth century to blow up their husbands with gunpowder. One of the most curious passages in this work is the author's eloquent justification of a woman's lie. If she lies now-a-days, he says, it is because all around her is one great lie, and she reflects her surroundings. She lies because she is still under the dominion of force, and she has nothing to oppose it but craft. She lies because she is compelled to lie, and because, by reason of her malleable nature, she has got accustomed to it, and regards falsehood in the same light as a crinoline. It never seems to occur to our author that in painting society in these dark colours he is, by implication, blackening the character of the sex of which he is so ardent an admirer. It is a common trick with French writers to personify society as a sort of ogre, especially in its attitude towards the weaker sex. Every reader of *Les Misérables* will remember how constantly M. Victor Hugo harps on this string. The fact is purposely kept out of sight, that society merely means the aggregate of individual men and women who compose it. As they are, so will it be. M. de Pompery draws an absurd distinction when he says that woman acts upon man, but man upon society. Each sex has its share in making society what it is: And if the function of woman is merely to simper and look pretty, as is set forth in this volume, it is no wonder that her influence has hitherto been so little felt, and that society remains in the unsatisfactory condition depicted by M. de Pompery.

Happily she has a very different mission, as his fair compatriots would be the first to admit. Nowhere, perhaps, has the principle that it is the duty and right of woman to employ her faculties for her own and the common good made more way than in France. The relations of wife and mother remain, of course, of paramount importance. Her first duty lies in the domestic sphere, but there are other spheres in which she is as free to employ her powers of mind and body as man is. M. de Pompery touches very slightly on the subject of woman's employment. He thinks that it is premature to moot it in the present wicked state of society, unaware, apparently, of the many hundreds and thousands of his countrywomen who are gaining their daily bread by the work of their hands and brains. His dream of fair women includes nothing so prosaic as a housemaid, or a sempstress, or a shopwoman, or a schoolmistress. Even with an "imperfect civilization" these are callings which are safely followed by women, and with great advantage to the public interests. With regard to the future of woman M. de Pompery indulges in a great many glowing generalities, but we look in vain for a single practical suggestion in his pages. As the world grows purer and better, as knowledge advances, as the reign of force is gradually superseded by the reign of peaceful industry and art and science, woman will participate in the general improvement. But, so far as she is concerned, the progress of civilization will be signalized not so much by extended usefulness as by increased beauty. The author of this volume even anticipates a day when her personal attractions will be positively dangerous. "Il y aurait là de quoi trembler pour le sexe fort, qui ayant le sens du beau à un plus haut degré, sera plus accessible au rayonnement de la femme." There may be some among the fair sex whose vanity may be flattered by such a prospect, but it is hardly likely to commend itself to any thoughtful or sensible woman.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE first volume of the minor works of Jacob Grimm\* comprises two classes of literary productions of very dissimilar interest for the general reader. In the first place, there are numerous brief essays on philological subjects, the *parerga* and *paralipomena* of a life devoted to study, which, whatever their merits individually, can neither add much to nor detract much from the reputation acquired by the combination of genius and industry on a colossal scale. Far more welcome are the biographical fragments which illustrate the character of the regenerator of German grammatical science and German popular mythology. Foremost among these is an autobiographical essay, detailing the course of Grimm's life till his removal from Cassel to Hanover in 1831. The incidents are unimportant in themselves; the massive, well-nigh majestic, simplicity of the narrative is all in all. Without effort or ostentation, the quiet grammarian reveals himself as a truly heroic soul, gentle, patient, unobtrusive, yet dignified, and not unconscious of his worth—a true type of the practical philosopher "who, having nothing, yet hath all." Jacob Grimm's existence, as well as that of his inseparable brother Wilhelm, was nearly identified with that of the Cassel library until his removal to Hanover. It is rather remarkable that this most genuine German should have owed his first promotion to the foreign usurper, Jerome Bonaparte, who appointed him to the librarianship under the single and not very onerous stipulation, "Vous ferez mettre en grands caractères sur la porte, Bibliothèque particulière du Roi." Jerome soon augmented Grimm's salary, and seems to have approved himself a *bon diable* throughout, till at last the collapse of his Westphalian royalty occasioned the

removal of the chief treasures of the Library to Paris, whither, after the overthrow of Napoleon, Grimm proceeded to fetch them back again, and had the satisfaction of exacting their restitution from the same *huissier* who had carried them off. The restored Elector was received with transports of enthusiasm, which materially abated when his Highness proceeded to replace everything upon its old footing, beginning with the pig-tails of the military, and ending with the salaries of the Grimms. For seventeen years the brothers adhered faithfully to their beloved Library, indemnified for their privations by the opportunities of study and the hopes of better times. At length flesh and blood succumbed, and they accepted an advantageous invitation to Hanover, where they abode in peace and honour till the Duke of Cumberland assumed the government and abolished the constitution. The Grimms were among the seven Professors who protested, and were expelled with as little ceremony as the rest. Another opening soon presented itself at Berlin, where Frederick William IV., a king accomplished in all arts except the art of reigning, was labouring to attract celebrities of all descriptions to his Court. The simple scholars trembled at the idea of becoming denizens of a city so many times larger than Cassel, but at last suffered themselves to be allured, and found Berlin a very pleasant residence. Some interesting particulars respecting the latter days of the Grimms are given in Jacob's oration in memory of his brother, and the supplementary note of the latter's son. Wilhelm seems to have represented the more ordinary type of the student, shy and reclusive. Jacob was of robust mould; he could work all day long, but was nevertheless tolerant of interruption, maintained a lively interest in public affairs, and could be rapid and abrupt in his resolutions. He belonged essentially to the type of the great classical scholars of the fifteenth century, whose energy rivalled their industry; but he possessed a creative genius, which would never have permitted him to become a mere commentator. Death found him as busy as ever, and occupied with plans for a work on German manners and customs, and another on Ossian. The most important of the essays printed here is the celebrated disquisition on the origin of language; the most generally interesting is a record of impressions derived from tours in Italy and Scandinavia, written with the same grand and captivating simplicity as the autobiography.

Klein's *History of the Drama*\* bids fair to prove a voluminous work, the first volume being entirely devoted to a discussion of Greek tragedy. Little novelty can be looked for on this theme, and Herr Klein has no chance of occupying the place to which he might have aspired thirty or forty years since. His work, however, is erudite and in general agreeable, his worst fault being a stern resolution, in despite of nature and his stars, to achieve the character of a wit. As a critic, Herr Klein is very satisfactory as long as he confines himself to *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, where the road is so well defined by universal consent that nothing but obtuseness or perversity can go astray. Euripides, however, though less consummate than his rivals in the mastery of his craft, appeals to a wider range of sympathies, and strikes chords which find no response in the bosom of Herr Klein. The latter's comments on the *Medea* and *Bacchæ* are simply pitiable, and he cannot even praise the character of Ion without betraying his inability to appreciate it. Of course we are bidden to look upon Euripides as the representative of an era of corrupt taste, just as if he had not been the contemporary of *Sophocles*, and as if his comparative unpopularity were not notorious. In fact, he is unique, a modern among the ancients, as Keats was a Greek amongst the moderns. As well observed by Von Raumer, the three Greek tragedians are mutually incommensurable.

The third volume of Hettner's *History of the German Literature of the Eighteenth Century*† is that of a period of great intellectual activity, when the men of the pen began in good earnest to reconstruct the social edifice founded by the men of the sword. Innovators sprang up in every branch—Kant in philosophy, Reimarus and Semler in theology, the Mössers and Iselin in politics, Lessing in criticism, Winkelmann in art. Mendelssohn aroused the Jewish intellect from its torpor. Klopstock and Bodmer as exponents of the English mind, Wieland as the interpreter of France, effected profound modifications in the spirit of German literature. Unlike, however, that of most eras of regeneration, the genius of the age was critical rather than constructive. The way was cleared for great achievements, but little of permanent value was produced forthwith; and, Lessing and Mendelssohn excepted, the heroes of the epoch evoke an historical rather than a personal interest. Herr Hettner has done his best for them by his intelligent appreciation and luminous exposition of their really great merits. With no high literary pretensions, the book is agreeably written, and may be recommended as an eminently satisfactory manual of its subject.

The interest of the fifth volume of Ranke's *English History*‡ is considerably impaired by its traversing the same ground as Macaulay. There is not the slightest comparison between the two historians in point of eloquence, imagination, or picturesqueness;

\* *Geschichte des Dramas*. Von J. L. Klein. Leipzig: Weigel. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Literaturgeschichte des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts*. Von H. Hettner. Th. 3, Bch. 2. Das Zeitalter Friedrichs des Grossen. Braunschweig: Vieweg. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Englische Geschichte, vornehmlich im sechzehnten und siebzehnten Jahrhundert*. Von Leopold Ranke. Bd. 5. Berlin: Duncker. London: Asher & Co.

\* *Kleinere Schriften von Jacob Grimm*. Bd. 1. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Asher & Co.



nor does Ranke seem to have had access to any additional materials, or to be able or inclined to modify the conclusions of his predecessor to any degree worth mentioning. The narrative is, however, clear and consecutive, and the subject well suited to the genius of an author who is never so much at home as when unravelling the machinations of statecraft. He is a fair representative of the class of historians so repugnant to the late Mr. Buckle, who, neglecting the popular element of history, practically reduce it to a record of the exploits of warriors and the intrigues of politicians. This manner of viewing the subject, however, imparts additional force to his portraits of individuals. He is especially successful with Charles II., and renders full justice to the dexterity and penetration which brought him safely through so many dangerous conjunctures, and enabled the most careless and indolent of princes to have his own way in everything.

W. Krohn's *Last Years of Louis XIV.*\* is another history of Court intrigue, not devoid of a certain grand melancholy in its portrayal of the majestic misery which obscured the close of a glorious reign. Madame de Maintenon and the Duke of Orleans are finely painted, and the great contest for the Regency between the latter and the Duke of Maine is told with great spirit after St. Simon. The work is intended as an introduction to a forthcoming history of the Regency, which, if we may infer its character from that of the book before us, will be judicious and entertaining.

Klose's biography of William the Silent†, though wanting the last corrections of the author, is apparently an accurate, as it is certainly a readable, work. It is not very likely to supersede Motley, and is perhaps chiefly noticeable for the accompanying memoir of the writer, who appears to have been a disinterested and public-spirited man, whose zeal for usefulness, after circumstances had interfered with his pursuit of the medical profession, took the shape of the study of history. He was the author of a Life of the Pretender, which obtained the honour of an English translation, but at home was literally appraised at a groat. A biography of Paoli was scarcely more successful, but is warmly eulogized by the editor of the work before us.

A biography of Albert the Bear ‡ evinces great acquaintance with the sources of information, but relates to too intricate and obscure a period of history to possess much interest for many readers.

The interest of General Bogdanowitsch's History of the Campaign of 1813 § is purely military; it reads like a report from the War Office.

Those who censure the Americans for endeavouring to procure recruits from abroad have forgotten that England did the same thing on a much larger scale throughout the War of Independence, and that, while the Americans offer volunteers a valuable consideration for their services, the English bought soldiers from their rulers in the lump, without the slightest regard to the inclinations of the men. The particulars of these disgraceful transactions are recounted with great spirit and graphic power by Herr Friedrich Kapp||, a German resident in New York. His narrative is chiefly based on copies of documents in the State Paper Office, lent to him by the historian Bancroft, for whose use they were made. It affords a vivid but repulsive picture of the rapacity and servility of the petty German princes, and the grovelling abasement of their subjects. The letters of the English agents are very cool and business-like, but the author thinks that their British worship of titles costs their country hundreds of thousands of pounds, which would have been saved could they have found it in their hearts to deal with a Serenissimus as with any one else who is anxious to sell what does not belong to him. These potentates were all in the greatest straits for money, and spoke the simple truth in assuring George III. that his handsome offer to buy up their subjects "les pénètre exactement de la joie la plus vive et la plus pure."

The English Ministry would hardly have ventured to make similar proposals to Frederick of Prussia, whose vindication, so far as the reputed authorship of the *Matinées Royales* is concerned, has employed the pen of Dr. Wilhelm Lauser.¶ His pamphlet is chiefly a reply to an article in the *Home and Foreign Review*, which attracted much attention in England and abroad. He subjects the presumed external evidence of genuineness to a careful scrutiny, and endeavours to establish the incompatibility of the maxims of policy enforced in the treatise with those which Frederick is known to have actually followed in his administration.

*Reminiscences of Italy*\*\* are the memoranda of an intelligent tourist who has enjoyed interviews with the Pope and Garibaldi, and appears equally enthusiastic for both. He is perhaps something of a pedant, and finds it hard to forgive the German artists in Rome for taking less interest in Prussian politics than he does.

\* *Die letzten Lebensjahre Ludwigs des Vierzehnten. Geschichtliche Studie*, von W. Krohn. Jena: H. Costenoble. London: Asher & Co.

† *Wilhelm I. von Oranien*. Aus dem Nachlasse K. L. Klose's. Leipzig: Fleischer. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Albrecht der Bär. Eine quellenmässige Darstellung seines Lebens*. Von O. von Heinemann. Darmstadt: Lange. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Geschichte des Krieges im Jahre 1813*. Von M. Bogdanowitsch. Aus dem Russischen von A. S. St. Petersburg: Pratz. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Der Soldatenhandel deutscher Fürsten nach Amerika, 1775 bis 1783*. Von Friedrich Kapp. Berlin: Duncker. London: Nutt.

¶ *Die Matinées Royales und Friedrich der Grosse*. Von W. Lauser. Stuttgart: Schaber. London: Williams & Norgate.

\*\* *Erinnerungen aus Italien*. Herausgegeben von J. von Kirchmann. Berlin: Springer. London: Asher & Co.

In some chapters, actual observation is so wrought up with fiction that it is difficult to distinguish them—a frequent but very objectionable practice of modern travellers.

Dr. Heinrich Brugsch\* is a traveller of a much higher order. In a series of popular lectures he admirably delineates the more picturesque aspects of Egyptian travel, from the bustle of the bazaar to the stillness of the desert. His volume also contains some contributions to Egyptology, especially a new version of the well-known "Tale of Two Brothers," now for the first time presented to an European public in its entirety. The story commences in a very intelligible manner, but becomes so confused in its progress as to suggest that the difficulties of translation have not yet been entirely overcome. From some curious translations of originals in which Egyptian scribes are introduced as extolling the advantages of their profession in comparison with others, it would seem that, notwithstanding all the splendour of the ancient monarchy, the peasant was little better off under Sesostri than he is now under the Pashas. Dr. Brugsch has also travelled in Persia, and one of his lectures is devoted to a comparison of the Iranian folk-lore with the Teutonic. His volume is dedicated to the veteran tourist, Prince Pückler-Muskau.

Wilhelm Baur *On the Religious Revivals in the Wars of Liberation*† is an interesting work, but seems to be only an adaptation of standard biographies to popular use. A fourth part of Zuchold's comprehensive *Bibliotheca Theologica*‡ completes a bibliography of great importance to theological students, comprising a list of all the books of Protestant theology which have appeared in Germany from 1830 to 1862. A treatise on heathen and Jewish notions of Christianity§ is an attack on the latter, not devoid of learning, but too fantastically extravagant to produce much effect.

It is needless to do more than chronicle the reappearance of Simrock's classical work on German Mythology|| in a new edition, with copious additions. Dr. F. L. W. Schwartz's treatise on the poetical personification of natural objects, viewed as the basis of mythology¶, is intended to cover the same ground and a good deal more, embracing the nature-worship of the Greeks and Romans as well as that of the Germans. The first volume treats of the subject so far as the heavenly bodies are concerned.

Herr Grau's interesting and spirited treatise\*\* is an orthodox variation on the theme suggested by Renan in his famous lecture on the mental characteristics of the Semitic race. The author fully accepts Renan's assumption of the innate monotheistic tendency of the Semitic tribes, and a corresponding inclination of the Indo-European race to polytheistic pantheism. To us this seductive theory appears rather a specious inference than a sound generalization. It is true that the great proclaimers of monotheism were respectively a Hebrew and an Arab; but Moses had been educated by the esoterically monotheistic Egyptian priests, and Mahomet was acquainted with Christianity. Without such external stimulus, the Semitic mind proved incapable of development. The Phœnicians, as purely a Semitic people as the Hebrews, never evinced the slightest tendency to monotheism. The doctrine was not finally adopted by the Jews themselves till after a series of struggles and relapses into polytheism which demonstrated how much more congenial the latter system really was to the mind of the nation. The Arabs were still idolaters two thousand years after Moses. On the other hand, the Indo-European race has shown itself fully capable of conceiving the Divine unity without aid from Semitic sources. The creed of Menu was monotheistic; and so, notwithstanding an excusable concession to the difficulties suggested by the existence of evil, was that of Zoroaster. The history of Greek philosophy is that of the gradual metamorphosis of polytheism into theism. We cannot, then, concur with Renan and Grau in crediting the Semites with an exclusive patent for monotheism. It is to be regretted that Herr Grau, in his well-meant zeal for what he regards as religious truth, displays all the narrow intolerance of a Pharisee. For example, unable to dispute the character of Mahometanism as the last and most complete expression of the bald monotheism he advocates, he revenges himself upon the prophet of Mecca by seriously contending that he was possessed by an evil spirit. It is a pity that such gloomy bigotry should pervade a work distinguished by unusual vigour and acuteness.

The *Common Origin of the Human Race*†† is an attempt

\* *Aus dem Orient*. Von Heinrich Brugsch. Berlin: Grosse. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Geschichts- und Lebensbilder aus der Erneuerung des religiösen Lebens in den deutschen Befreiungskriegen*. Von Wilhelm Baur. Bd. 1. Hamburg: Agentur des Rauhen Hauses. London: Nutt.

‡ *Bibliotheca Theologica*. Von E. A. Zuchold. Lief. 4. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. London: Nutt.

§ *Die Urtheile heidnischer und jüdischer Schriftsteller der vier ersten christlichen Jahrhunderte über Jesus und die ersten Christen*. Von Richard von der Alm. Leipzig: Wigand. London: Asher & Co.

|| *Handbuch der deutschen Mythologie, mit Einschluss der nordischen*. Von Karl Simrock. Zweite sehr vermehrte Auflage. Bonn: Marcus. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Die poetischen Naturanschauungen der Griechen, Römer, und Deutschen in ihrer Beziehung zur Mythologie*. Bd. 1.: Sonne, Mond, und Sterne. Von Dr. F. L. Schwartz. Berlin: Hertz. London: Asher & Co.

\*\* *Semiten und Indogermanen in ihrer Beziehung zu Religion und Wissenschaft. Eine Apologie des Christenthums vom Standpunkte der Völkerpsychologie*. Von R. F. Grau. Stuttgart: Liesching. London: Nutt.

†† *De Communi et Simpliciter Humani Generis Origine*. Demonstrare conatus est S. Lipschütz. Hamburg: Nolte. London: Williams & Norgate.

to establish the monogenetic theory by the coincidences of the various popular mythologies—a respectable buttress, but inadequate as a foundation. *Weather Proverbs*\* is a curious collection of popular sayings on this topic of universal concern from all the languages of Europe, arranged in the order of the months. One principle may be clearly recognised as pervading the whole—that every sort of weather is good in its proper place, and that it bodes no good when one month assumes the characteristics of another. *Für Darwin*† is an argument in favour of the English naturalist's theory, founded on the author's inquiries into the affinities and divergencies of the crustacea. Few men of science have ranged themselves so unreservedly on Darwin's side as Herr Müller, who professes, however, to have commenced his observations without prepossession, but with the view of submitting Darwin's views to a crucial test, which has resulted entirely in their favour.

The late M. van der Brugghen's essay on the Irish convict system‡ is a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject. The author appears to have been a man endowed with great humanity, great elevation of sentiment, and a Channing-like reverence for human nature. An eminent lawyer, his pursuits made him acquainted with the solitary system of confinement established in the Netherlands. Its austere and mechanical character revolted his philanthropy, while he found reason to believe that it was, after all, practically inefficient, inasmuch as it was impossible to carry out long sentences of imprisonment without exposing the criminal to peril of death or lunacy. It consequently failed to deter from offences, while its formal rigidity excluded the influences which might have contributed to reform the offender. On being called to fill the Ministry of Justice, M. van der Brugghen endeavoured to modify the system, but was obliged to quit office without realizing his intentions. He then devoted his leisure to an examination of the well-known Irish system, and ended by adopting it almost without reserve, and recommending it to his countrymen in the work before us. He depends to a considerable degree on the report of Professor Holtzendorff of Berlin, a distinguished authority on penal legislation, who visited Ireland for the sake of becoming acquainted with the Crofton system, and has edited this publication, and added a memoir of the author. The leading characteristic of the work is a disposition to rely on moral influence. M. van der Brugghen himself insists that his elaborate introductory essay is to be regarded as a development of the saying of Lord Stanley, "The reformation of men can never be a mechanical process."

However behindhand the Germans may be as regards the minor comforts and conveniences of life, the feeling for high art is far more developed among them than among any other nation. A German treatise on aesthetics is almost sure to be masterly, if the writer can but avoid the national failing of abstruseness. This is fortunately the case with Ludwig Eckardt's *Introduction to Aesthetics*§—fortunately, for it would be much to be lamented if such wealth of pictorial illustration were wasted on an unreadable text. The writer's exposition is very clear, his views very sound and comprehensive, and his work may be studied with advantage as a manual of the radical principles of art in all its varied manifestations. A better instance of the practical application of aesthetic principles could hardly be found than the splendid edition of *Faust*, with illustrations by Engelbert Seibertz||, a cheap issue of which, with illustrations reduced in size and engraved on wood, is now in course of publication.

\* *Das Wetter im Sprichwort.* Von O. Freiherr von Rheinsberg-Düringsfeld. Leipzig: Fries. London: Nutt.

† *Für Darwin.* Von Fritz Müller. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Études sur le Système Pénitentiaire Irlandais.* Berlin: Charisius. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Vorschule der Aesthetik.* Zwanzig Vorträge von Ludwig Eckardt. Bd. 1. Karlsruhe: Bielefeld. London: Nutt.

|| *Faust.* Lief. 1. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Nutt.

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We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall.**—Conductor, Mr. COSTA.—Thirty-third Season.—Friday next, November 26, Mendelssohn's SAINT PAUL. Tickets, 5s. and 10s. 6d. From the large Subscription this Season, only a limited number can be issued. Subscriptions Two Guineas and Three Guineas. The List for this Season must shortly be closed. Office, 6 Exeter Hall, open from Ten till Six o'clock.

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JOHN P. SEDDON, Hon. Secs.

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Leamington, November 4, 1864.

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